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FORTUNES MADE IN BUSINESS.

MR. R. PEACOCK, M.P., AND THE GORTON FOUNDRY.

THERE were few quieter corners of the world in 1820 than the picturesque valley of Swaledale in the North Riding of Yorkshire. It is peaceful still, and retains many of its ancient characteristics, but sixty-seven years ago it was the abode of pastoral simplicity, and could hardly be considered to be in touch at all with the world of progress and activity beyond. Yet it contained within its boundaries more than one far-seeing mind that could look hopefully out across the future from its romantic solitudes, and not very many miles further north there were brains at work upon the great railway problem the solving of which was to have such revolutionizing effects on the life, manners and methods of the people. There was an "engine-wright at Killingworth, of the name of Stephenson," who had invented a locomotive that was not regarded as of any particular significance by anybody but himself, and had scarcely been heard of outside the district; and there was at Darlington "a Quaker gentleman, Edward Pease," incurring much ridicule and hostility by his advocacy of a railway for the conveyance of coal by horses between Stockton and Darlington. In 1820 these two remarkable men were unknown to each other, but in the spring of the following year fate brought them together, and their united action served a few years afterwards to bring about the inauguration of the world's railway system, which to-day extends over 290,750 miles of the globe's surface, and upon which the enormous capital of £4,800,000,000 has been invested.

It was almost within sight and hearing of these early railway operations that in 1820 there was born unto Ralph Peacock, of Swaledale, a seventh child, who received the name of Richard. Ralph Peacock was a God-fearing man, and, in his way, a genius, though the opportunities for the exercise of his abilities were not so important as they were numerous in that remote region. His calling was that of a lead-miner, and by dint of industry and perseverance he had worked himself up to the position of foreman or

superintendent of mines, and was much respected. He was, indeed, a man who could turn his hand to almost anything, and in his spare time employed himself in a variety of ways for the good of the community. His duties at the mines left him with a great deal of spare time on his hands, and of this he made the most, giving the first place to the rigid fulfilment of such religious observances as were imposed upon faithful Wesleyans in those days, and, as to the rest, placing his services ungrudgingly at the disposal of his neighbours. He had great natural talents in mechanical matters, and could construct almost anything in wood and many things in iron. All the clocks and watches in the neighbourhood were kept in repair by him, and when the instruments of the native musicians fell out of order it was to him that they were taken to be set to rights, for he was something of a violin player himself, and had paid much attention to the structure of the various musical machines. Moreover, he had a leaning towards the medical arts, and acquired such a good training in Nature's school of medicine that the dalespeople would often intrust their ailments to his tender care in preference to making calls upon the professional skill of the duly qualified practitioner. The remedies that the country folk most believed in in those days were such as the fields and woods supplied, and, as far as these were concerned, Ralph Peacock possessed an extensive practical knowledge, and in applying them often received credit for saving lives that the doctors had given up as lost. But there was one medical doctrine that survived through all this, and that was the practice of bleeding, which the faculty had laid down as one of the necessary conditions of existence; but even in a matter of such serious import as this the patriarchs of Swaledale were content to allow themselves to be operated upon by Ralph Peacock rather than by the doctors, and the lancets with which the ingenious lead-miner used to perform these duties are still preserved by his son as relics of that olden time. There was a concoction of his own—some precious distillation of herbs—which was known far and wide over the country-side as a sort of cure-all, having ascribed to it almost as many virtues as are now claimed for a patent pill or nostrum. He had also great calls upon his time for the doctoring of horses and cows, and one way and another was kept well occupied. If he had done these things for profit he might have acquired a fortune, but as he only did them out of pure goodness of heart, and would not accept of remuneration for his trouble, his abilities had not much chance up to that time of being used to the improvement of his worldly means.

Cradled in such an atmosphere as this, it was not to be wondered at that Ralph Peacock's son Richard should have grown up with a taste for mechanics, and that when the railway era dawned, and the lad found himself so near the point of its rising, he should have set before him as the object of his life the attainment of

some position of eminence in connection with this grand development of power—this latest and mightiest of the forces of human progress. The Stockton and Darlington line was opened in 1825, and one of Richard Peacock's earliest recollections is in connection with a visit paid to Darlington with his father to see the locomotive at work on this wonderful railway which the Quaker's enterprise and the pitman's genius had brought into existence. To a mind of such strong mechanical bent as Ralph Peacock's there was much food for reflection in this sight, and he was stirred with new promptings and aspirations. He had for a long time been looking beyond the calm serenity of Swaledale with an instructed observation that filled him with yearnings to quit his native vale, but there were so many ties to bind him to the spot, that it was not until George Stephenson's locomotive had shown him fresh possibilities of useful action that he could screw his courage up to the departing point. For one thing, he was devotedly attached to the small religious community of which he formed a leading member, and as he set religion before everything else in the world, it was with difficulty that he could sever himself from the old associations of his spiritual life. On Sundays there was an unbroken series of worshippings from morn to night on the part of the Peacocks, and every member of the family had to share in them. There were class meetings to attend before breakfast; and in the forenoon, as a matter of allegiance to the State, they had to take part in the orthodox service at the parish church. After that they returned home for the mid-day dinner, then proceeded again to the Wesleyan chapel, then home to tea, then to the chapel once more for the evening service. The Peacocks did nothing by halves; the spirit of enthusiasm burned within them like a steady flame, and they were never wearied of well-doing. At all events, it was so with the head of the house, and if Richard, the youngest son, did occasionally show a predisposition to play, it was not a matter for surprise, seeing that he was of a robust, hardy constitution, and well able to enjoy all healthful exercises. It is probable, indeed, that he did sometimes get wearied with incessant devotions, and that he had so much to do in the way of reading the Scriptures and singing hymns that he often considered these things in the light of a task. For all that, he was of such an apt and quick nature that he, at the age of seven, had awarded to him, under Lord Wharton's Trust, the Bible prize then distributed at certain periods to successful competitors. The conditions were that the candidate must be able to read and say by heart the Catechism, certain prayers, and the 1st, 15th, 25th, 37th, 101st, 113th, and 145th psalms. In making the award to Richard Peacock, the trustee certified that "no child had previously secured this award at so early an age." This was a powerful testimony to the boy's capacity for learning and general intelligence, if nothing else.

There now came "a change over the spirit of the dream," and the locomotive was the one alluring power. Ralph Peacock began to grow less interested than formerly in the ailments of his neighbours, less anxious to use the lancet upon them, less desirous of physicing their cows and horses, less concerned about the breakages of their fiddles and clarionets. The village girls who were going out "to place"—there was no other opening then in those districts for the poor man's daughter than domestic service—came to him as usual to have their boxes made, and he made them, but the time came when he had to inform them that he too was going to leave the old haunts and try to make a better future for himself. So, after some little negotiation, Ralph Peacock made his leap into the outer world, and was selected by Messrs. Walker and Burgess, in 1830, as assistant superintendent in the construction of the Leeds Tunnel on the Leeds and Selby railway. This appointment caused Ralph Peacock and his family to have to remove from Swaledale to Leeds, and in the latter town they continued to reside for some years. After the Leeds and Selby line (now part of the North Eastern system) was finished, the company recognized Ralph Peacock's faithful service and ability by placing him in a responsible position in connection with their Leeds station, and, ultimately, when he became too old for active employment, they pensioned him off.

We must now take up that particular thread of our narrative which has to deal with the career of Richard Peacock. We have seen how he won his spurs in Swaledale; we will now follow him to Leeds. The change was great—from the pastoral to the industrial, from moors and fells to crowded streets and smoking chimneys. His education was continued at the Leeds Grammar School, and there he no doubt acquired the solid foundations of a fairly liberal education; but, as time went on, and railway enterprise extended with such marvellous rapidity, the boy grew ardently anxious to be allowed to take some part in the movement. Whenever he could spare time from his lessons, he would visit the tunnel where his father was working and watch the operations in progress; and at night nothing would please him so much as to have a chat with his father whilst helping him in some mechanical work. The father gave him every encouragement, and not only took the lad to see the Stockton and Darlington line, but also to view the railway made between Liverpool and Manchester. In 1830 those were the only two railways of importance in operation.

Richard Peacock left school in 1834, at the age of fourteen, and as luck would have it, was able to prevail upon his father to apprentice him to the famous firm of Fenton, Murray and Jackson, the engineers, who were at that time making locomotives for the Liverpool and Manchester and Leeds and Selby railways, and were largely employed in the building of steam engines of every class,

as well as in the making of hydraulic machinery and pumps. These works had been established in 1795, Matthew Murray being the mechanical genius of the firm originally. Murray was a Stockton man, and had made his way by sheer force of talent. He travelled on foot from Stockton with the traditional bundle on his back, and when he entered Leeds in search of work, and put up for the night at the Bay Horse Inn, he had not sufficient money to pay for his bed. His first employment in Leeds was as a mechanic in the flax-mill of Mr. Marshall, and from that he entered into partnership with Messrs. Fenton and Wood as engineers. Matthew Murray had a great influence in extending the industrial prosperity of Leeds; he was not only the means of giving the machine trade a firm footing in the town, but so improved the steam engine itself as to excite the jealousy and alarm of Boulton and Watt, who adopted a not very generous plan of opposition by buying up ground adjoining Murray and Co.'s works with the view of preventing their extension. It was Matthew Murray who, in conjunction with Mr. Blenkinsop, had improved Trevethick's locomotive so that it was able to drag trains of coal waggons between Leeds and the Middleton collieries, a distance of three and a half miles, some years before George Stephenson's locomotive was introduced. At the period when Richard Peacock entered Murray and Co.'s establishment, Murray had been dead some time, and Fenton and Wood had retired. The head of the firm was Mr. Jackson, who had originally been a pattern maker in the works, but having proved himself a valuable servant and married one of Murray's daughters, received promotion adequate to his ability and position. In those early days drawings were not made to scale, but laid down full size, in the pattern shops. Murray had two daughters employed in this department, and it was through the intercourse thus brought about that an affection sprung up between Mr. Jackson and Miss Murray, with the result already stated.

The new apprentice was, to begin with, placed under the direction of Mr. Jackson, who had now the active superintendence of the chief working departments. Young Peacock soon made his way into favour, for he had an intense liking for his work and in all that he undertook displayed zeal, conscientiousness and intelligence. He remained in these engineering works until 1838, getting an insight into every branch of the business, but devoting himself more particularly to locomotive work. In 1838 a happy opportunity of improving his position and gaining additional experience occurred. The Leeds and Selby line had been opened a few years, but from the first the locomotive department had been mismanaged. Several managers had been tried and from one cause or another had failed to secure the confidence of the directors. The young engineer was well acquainted with all that was going on, from the fact of his being constantly about either on business or to see his father. His movements had attracted the

attention of the directors and of Mr. Peter Clark, the general manager of the line; and Mr. Clark, who had formerly been a merchant in Hull, engaged him in conversation from time to time and was thus able to form his own conclusions regarding his ability. This led to an offer of the post of locomotive superintendent being made to Mr. Peacock. At first he felt compelled to decline the honour, and gave as his reasons his youth and the difficulty there would be on that account in assuming sufficient command over a body of men. "Can you manage the work?" said Mr. Clark. "Yes," answered Mr. Peacock. "Well, if you'll undertake that, I'll see to the other part of the business," said the manager. On that understanding the appointment was duly made, with the approval of the board of directors. It was a great responsibility to be assumed by a youth of eighteen, but it worked out all right, for Mr. Clark was as good as his word in regard to the management of the men, with whom, however, there was no difficulty after it had been once made clear that the new head of the department knew more than they did. Mr. Peacock held this position, with credit to himself and advantage to the company, until an amalgamation was effected between the Leeds and Selby and York and North Midland railways, in 1840, when naturally a fresh shuffling of the managerial cards took place. The locomotive head-quarters were now removed from Leeds to York, and George Hudson, the "Railway King," as he afterwards came to be called, who was the moving spirit of the amalgamation, strongly urged Mr. Peacock to go to York and take charge of the locomotive shops, under Mr. Cabery; but the young engineer was disposed now to go further afield in quest of larger experience and accordingly declined the offer of "King George," who had not yet been arrayed in all his glory.

Mr. Peacock made his way to London, taking with him many valuable testimonials of ability, and after looking round and carefully counting his chances, he presented himself before Mr. (afterwards Sir) Daniel Gooch, who was at the head of the Great Western undertaking, then in course of active construction under the direction of Brunel, who certainly ought to have been called the Great Brunel, since it was the aim of his life to do only with things that were great in point of magnitude, as witness the Great Western Railway, the "Great Britain" steamship, and finally the "Great Eastern." Mr. Peacock had made up his mind to gain experience at whatever cost, so he placed his abilities unreservedly at the disposal of the Great Western engineer to put him to what he pleased or send him wheresoever he desired. His pride was in his work; he had none for anything else. So we find him in 1840 and 1841, momentous years in the history of railways, bending all his energies to the congenial duties of railway work. Nothing came wrong to him at that time, from superintending a "gang" of workmen to driving an engine, and he had frequently com-

mitted to him the duty of running up and down the line with Brunel, between whom and himself the most friendly relations were always maintained.

In 1841 he reached another important turning point in his career. The Manchester and Sheffield Railway was nearing completion, and his friends in Lancashire and Yorkshire suggested the desirability of his applying for the position of locomotive superintendent on that line. He made application, forwarded testimonials, and calmly awaited the issue. He had, it appears, "a friend in court," who gave verbal testimony to the board of Mr. Peacock's ability, and the latter had the satisfaction of receiving the appointment even without an interview. It is true, he had been written to asking him to present himself before the board at a certain time, but by some mishap the letter did not reach him until a few days after the date fixed. This was a remarkable stroke of success to be achieved by a young man who had barely attained his majority, but, as subsequent events proved, it was well deserved. Mr. Peacock went down to Manchester and entered upon his new duties immediately after receiving the intimation of his appointment, arriving on the scene a week before the first locomotive had to be delivered. Thenceforward for fourteen years he continued to fill this position of ever-increasing responsibility, and won for himself a name and a fame amongst the engineers of the day.

The first workshops of the Manchester, Sheffield and Lincolnshire Railway consisted of a series of wooden sheds erected at Newton Moor, and there for a time all the work in connection with the locomotive department continued to be done. Then the necessity of extension and removal forced itself upon the company, and they began to cast about for a favourable spot upon which to build permanent works. The selection of a site was left to Mr. Peacock, and he decided upon appropriating to the purposes of his department the first piece of level ground available outside Manchester in contiguity to the railway. The nearest point was found to be at Gorton, and at that place accordingly the new depôt was subsequently erected, from Mr. Peacock's designs. It was about 1846 that the removal from Newton Moor to Gorton was effected, a step which proved to be of the greatest advantage to the locality. This led to the rapid industrial development of Gorton and the adjoining township of Openshaw. Gorton had then only about 2,000 inhabitants, and, curious to say, they were principally engaged in the hat trade, while Openshaw had but a population of a few hundreds. There were large tracts of fields and open spaces between these townships and Manchester in those days. The aspect of the landscape is now altogether changed. Gorton and Openshaw have to-day a combined population of over 50,000, and you may look in vain for the fields and open spaces. Mr. Peacock was not only satisfied himself of the suitability of Gorton for the establishing of great industrial works, but he sought

to bring others to the same way of thinking, which was perhaps not the most difficult matter in the world, seeing that the locality possessed the double advantage of convenient railway and canal communication. It was at Mr. Peacock's suggestion that Mr. John Ashbury put up his extensive carriage and waggon works in Openshaw, Mr. Peacock laying the first stone; it was also by Mr. Peacock's advice that the late Sir Joseph Whitworth was led to build the present large gun factory and mechanical tool works at Openshaw; and it was he who counselled the Midland Railway Company to erect locomotive steam sheds in Gorton and Openshaw, he himself buying the land for them. Mr. Peacock has been not inappropriately called the founder of the trade and prosperity of Gorton and Openshaw.

During the fourteen years that Mr. Peacock held the post of locomotive superintendent of the Manchester, Sheffield and Lincolnshire Railway, he was not insensible to the active progress that was being made in social and political matters, and he always evinced a healthy sympathy with any movement that had for its object the improvement of the condition of the people. Early on, he threw in his lot with the advocates of reform, and became an ardent disciple of the Cobden school. As a youth, he had often listened to the impassioned speeches of Feargus O'Connor, the Chartist leader, and had been much impressed by the fervid oratory of Daniel O'Connell, and from their patriotic utterances had learned to sympathize strongly with the grievances under which the people of England as well as those of Ireland groaned. He was a supporter of the Anti-Corn Law League, and attended many of the great meetings which Cobden, Bright, Villiers and other chiefs of the party addressed to such powerful purpose in those days. Still, much as Richard Peacock was attracted by the great political agitations which kept the country in such unrest during the years of his early manhood, he did not permit himself to be carried away by them into the region of unreasoning prejudice. To him, there were always two sides to a question, and he possessed the not too common faculty of being able to look complacently on both. He has himself defined what his general political opinions were about this time. He said, "I am no revolutionist; I will not pull down for the sake of pulling down, though I will not hesitate to support changes when and where necessary; but in all such cases I will advocate full justice to all affected by such modifications as may be requisite and necessary to the well-being and legitimate advance and progress of the people and the nation." He based all his conclusions on fairness and justice, and thus came to win the respect even of those who differed from his conclusions. But in those busy years from 1841 to 1854 Mr. Peacock had other things to occupy his mind than politics, so, while never wholly relinquishing his interest or assistance in imperial matters, he gave the best of his skill and energy to the fulfilment of his busi-

ness duties. Early and late he was to be found at his post at the locomotive shops, seeing to every detail of the operations, and coping with his growing responsibilities in a manner that earned for him the full confidence and trust of his employers. Year by year extensions of line were made and traffic was increased, but the locomotive superintendent never lagged behind; his engines were always equal to the demands made upon them, and as far as he was concerned, there was "smooth running" all round.

Of that period of active devotion to business there is little more to be said. Mr. Peacock's position and influence were recognized in many ways, but he was too absorbed in his work to take any prominent part in public affairs. In 1849 he was made a member of the Institution of Civil Engineers, and was one of the founders of the Institution of Mechanical Engineers—incidents which may be regarded not only in the light of honours conferred, but as direct testimony of his continued advancement in his profession. In all that he did he exhibited the same thoroughness as his father had done in his smaller sphere, and became complete master, both practically and theoretically, of the science of locomotive engineering, every improvement, great or small, that was introduced receiving his careful attention. In this way he came to be regarded as one of the most astute and reliable men in the profession, his judgment on railway matters being greatly valued. Manchester was then, as now, one of the chief centres of intellectual effort, and gave Richard Peacock opportunities of intercourse with some of the greatest minds of the time—opportunities which he did not neglect, though he never allowed himself to presume too much upon his success. He bore his honours modestly, and always evinced a desire for further knowledge. He was not, perhaps, so well known in the public places of the city—the Exchange, the clubs, and other gathering grounds—as the leading commercial magnates, but, for all that, he held a high place in the general esteem, and in his own particular circle was highly regarded. The times advanced, and he advanced with them.

So matters continued down to the year 1854, when Mr. Peacock, at the age of thirty-four, decided upon employing such ability as he had been gifted with in some enterprise of his own. This was no hasty determination, but a well thought-out idea, forced upon him gradually by the growth of circumstances. Acting upon this, he resigned his position under the Manchester, Sheffield and Lincolnshire Railway Company, and began to cast about for a place whereon to pitch his own industrial tent. He had not to look far or long. About this time his friend Mr. Charles Beyer, who from 1843 until 1853 had been the mechanical head of the firm of Sharp, Brothers and Co. of Manchester, locomotive and cotton machine makers, was also on the look-out for a new channel of employment. There was this difference between the two men—the launching out into business on his own responsibility

was with Mr. Peacock a first and only thought, with Mr. Beyer it was a second thought. The fact was, Mr. Beyer had left Sharp, Brothers and Co. with the idea of going to Oxford or Cambridge and embracing the career of a student. He visited the two University towns, and after having had time for reflection, he said to himself, as he sat on a gate looking across at the towers and roofs of Cambridge, "Beyer, you are a fool!" And thereupon he gave up the dream of becoming a collegian and retraced his steps towards Manchester. Mr. Peacock had previously tried to dissuade him from the University notion, but it had been all to no use; now, however, when the impulse had left him, Mr. Beyer returned and saw Mr. Peacock, and the two at once agreed to go into partnership together as locomotive engineers, and they selected as the site of their future works the fourteen acres of ground at Gorton, upon which they forthwith began to build. Cattle were grazing on the land on the 1st of May, 1854; and within twelve months from that date the firm had built and sent out their first locomotive.

Thus the firm of Beyer, Peacock and Co., locomotive engineers, came to be established and put into active operation. The partners did not intend to content themselves with small things; they faced the future with brave hearts and laid their plans as if they had confidence in their outlook. They designed on paper a series of workshops for the covering of the whole fourteen acres, and with that plan well in view, they set to work to build such portions as their means would permit. The various sections of the works are to-day almost exact counterparts of each other so far as the buildings are concerned, having been so arranged as to admit of the gradual expansion and enlargement of the whole by the simple addition of other sections, without disturbing or altering the portions previously erected.

And now more than ever Mr. Peacock became wedded to his business, and for some years the outside world heard little of him. The works prospered. Both partners had an intimate practical knowledge of mechanical engineering and both were well known. They had no difficulty in obtaining orders, never having had to go in search of any. The firm made their first locomotive for the Great Western Railway Company. From that time forward orders poured in upon the new firm beyond their means of execution, and to aid in the more rapid development of the business a third partner, Mr. Robertson, was taken in. From 1854 to the present time the record of the firm has been one of continuous progress, and building after building had to be erected, until the whole estate of fourteen acres became utilized. Some idea of the extent of the firm's operations may be gleaned from the fact that they employ from 2,000 to 3,000 hands and turn out about 200 engines a year; and from the further fact that they have distributed in wages alone upwards of two millions and a half sterling, their wages bill for 1885 being £125,821.

Mr. Beyer died in 1876, leaving a considerable fortune. He was a bachelor and of a very philanthropic disposition. He replaced at his own cost the old parish church at Gorton by an entirely new one, and rebuilt the schools and rectory connected therewith. He also contributed largely towards the expense of erecting St. Mark's Church at West Gorton, and by his will left £10,000 for the erection of another church and parsonage not far from the Gorton Foundry, the schools for which he built some years before. Mr. Beyer also left large sums to Owens College, the Manchester Infirmary and other charities.

In 1883 the firm was converted into a limited liability company, Mr. Peacock continuing in the position of manager, also filling the post of chairman. His confidence in the business was shown by his leaving all his capital in the concern.

Mr. Peacock occupied such a prominent position in the neighbourhood of Gorton and Openshaw, after the establishment of the firm of Beyer, Peacock and Co. in 1854, that it was hardly possible for him to escape being drawn into public life to a certain extent. In 1863 a meeting of the inhabitants of Gorton—then numbering some 12,000—was held to discuss the question of adopting the Local Government Act for Gorton. Mr. Peacock strongly advocated this step, which was taken, the first election occurring on the 1st of November of that year, when Mr. Peacock headed the poll and was elected first Chairman of the Board, continuing to hold the post until the end of 1866, when, owing to the increasing claims of business, he retired from the Board. Mr. Peacock also counselled and assisted indirectly the formation of the Openshaw Local Board, and has at all times identified himself with any movement tending to the progress and prosperity of both townships.

In 1861 Mr. Peacock, along with the Rev. G. H. Wells and others, established a Savings Bank at Gorton, its object being "to create and foster habits of regularity and frugal economy by affording an opportunity for the deposit of small sums of money," being "intended for the benefit of persons of all ages, both sexes, and of every class." Single deposits of not less than one penny nor more than ten shillings were received. The bank was opened on the 9th of March, 1861, by Mr. Peacock, who retained the office of president until the establishment of several "Penny Banks" in the neighbourhood took up the useful work and rendered its continuance unnecessary. Meanwhile, its beneficent influence had been very great, and at the time of the Cotton Famine the deposits amounted to no less than £800.

Notwithstanding the extraordinary growth of the population of the district, consequent upon the establishment of the Gorton Foundry and other industries indirectly introduced by Mr. Peacock, Gorton and Openshaw have remained essentially a working-class community, towards whom he may be said to have stood *in*

loco providentiæ. To his workpeople he has always been generous, both collectively in the high rate of wages paid, and individually in unostentatious sympathy and relief wherever suffering and want have existed. Nor has his generous consideration been confined to those in his employ. With open hand he has ever been ready to minister to the necessities and to relieve the distress of his poor neighbours. Every good work, every useful institution, in and far beyond his own district, has received his benevolent support. There is no church or chapel in the locality, Protestant or Roman Catholic, to which he has not been a liberal contributor; no charitable institution of which he has not been a most generous patron. Bazaars, soup-kitchens, Sunday and day schools, Temperance societies, bands, and healthy sports of every description have had in him a valuable and often munificent supporter. He has been the President of the Openshaw Mechanics' Institute from the time of its opening; he is Chairman of the Manchester Theatre Company, Limited; and has filled the office of President of the Royal Manchester Institution. In the last-named capacity he, in November, 1880, at a banquet attended by a very distinguished assembly, delivered a speech which attracted much attention at the time for the broad views it expressed and the claims he put forward for a closer alliance between the arts and commerce than had previously existed in this country. In this connection he observed: "It was well known that the desires of mankind increased with the means of gratifying them, and the superfluous wealth—which was the first-fruit of an extensive and prosperous trade—found an object in those productions of human genius and skill which ministered most to the luxury of the imagination. Nor did the arts fail to reward the patronage which was extended to them: they bestowed an intellectual grace upon society; they refined the taste and softened the manners; and they provided a counteracting influence to the gross and sordid spirit which was too often the result of an undivided attention to mercenary pursuits. History well established the correctness of those views, and without going back to the great commercial states of antiquity, they needed only to notice that in modern times the arts had uniformly and closely followed the footsteps of commerce. The merchants of the Italian Republics were the patrons of genius, and the effects of commercial munificence in fostering the growth of art were still conspicuous in the cities of Holland and Flanders. It was gratifying to find that our country had not failed to imitate such illustrious examples. Most of our large trading towns had shown that the habits requisite to acquire were not incompatible with the disposition to enjoy, and by uniting with the activity and enterprise of trade a taste for what was elegant and graceful, they exhibited noble efforts to emulate the liberal and enlightened spirit of a former age."

Although, as we have seen, Mr. Peacock was brought up to the

Wesleyan faith, he did not in after life adhere to the creed of his youth. When he first removed to Lancashire he came in contact with certain prominent Unitarians and was induced to attend the Unitarian Chapel at Gee Cross. He soon found himself in sympathy with the broad professions of this community and in course of time became a member of the chapel. In 1859 Mr. Peacock, who had resided some years at Openshaw, purchased Gorton Hall. The hall was in close proximity to the old Unitarian Chapel, and Mr. Peacock was thus drawn into more intimate relations with it and its minister. An interesting history attaches to this chapel.

In 1682 the number of ejected ministers in Lancashire was 67. The Rev. Mr. Leigh, curate of Gorton, refused to conform, and consequently ceased to hold his curacy. A single-hearted man of good abilities and very laborious in the work of the ministry thus disappeared from the scene of his labours. He left behind him many warm friends and sympathizers, who thenceforward at peril to themselves declined the ministrations of the State-appointed clergyman. After worshipping for a time in the upper chamber of a house in Cross Lane, to which access was obtained by means of a ladder carefully drawn up prior to the beginning of worship, in 1703 they built a chapel in Far Lane. Thomas Oldham, of Reddish, who contributed to this object, was fined £20, or in default seven cows as an equivalent, for having suffered a refugee minister to preach in his house. Of this chapel the Rev. G. H. Wells, M.A., became the minister in 1837, and here the Unitarians of the neighbourhood continued to worship until by the generous action of Mr. Peacock a better condition of things was brought about and the present high position of the church secured.

By Mr. Peacock's assistance new schools were built in 1863. The resources of the congregation were limited, and the obtaining of a new chapel seemed farther off than ever, when in 1870 this want was supplied by the munificence of Mr. Peacock in the building of Brookfield Church, which, with its lawns and shrubs, its garden-like surroundings and grassy graveyard—in all covering four acres—is a noble and beautiful structure. It was erected at an original cost of £12,000, a cost which was largely increased by the subsequent erection of a keeper's house, boundary walls, and other external work. The building is in the Gothic style, Mr. Thomas Worthington, of Manchester, being the architect. At the laying of the corner stone, on the 30th October, 1869, Mr. Peacock, after referring to the history of the older building, said: "Bigotry and intolerance are fast passing away, and, thanks to our glorious Constitution, we have in this country comparative freedom in all things. We are rapidly approaching a more perfect freedom, not only in politics, but in that greater question of religion. We are building this new chapel, in the first place, because the old chapel built by our forefathers is falling into decay; secondly, because

the accommodation it affords us is no longer equal to our growing requirements; and lastly—though to my feelings not least—I am taking the share it has pleased God to enable me to take in the erection of the building as a token of thanksgiving and in fulfilment of a pledge to Almighty God for the restoration to health of some of the dear ones in my family.”

The church was opened in the autumn of 1870 and merits some little description. It is, as has been said, in the Gothic style, and is faced entirely with stone; the main entrance is through the tower, the lower part of which forms the porch, while above there is a ringing-chamber and belfry, containing a peal of eight bells, presented by Mr. Peacock and named after the members of his family. The tower is of an elaborate and ornamental character and finishes with a graceful spire rising to a height of 150 feet from the ground; at the angles are carved the emblems of the four Evangelists, the “Angel, Lion, Bull and Eagle.” The edifice consists of a nave 77 feet long and 21 feet wide; north and south aisles each 70½ feet long and 10½ feet wide, making a total interior width of 42 feet, and a chancel 25 feet long and 19 feet wide. Accommodation is afforded for 450 persons. Internally, the effect of the building is much enhanced by the introduction of polished red granite columns between the nave and the aisles; the chancel floor is laid with encaustic tiles of a rich pattern; the roof timbers are of pitch-pine, as also is the woodwork generally; while the pulpit is composed of Caen stone and marble, surmounted by a carved oak framework. The windows are of stained glass, the east chancel window being of a most elegant design. The organ was built by Mr. F. W. Jardine, of Manchester, and is considered one of his best productions.

Mr. Peacock's broad Christian sympathies found expression in a speech which he delivered at the opening of the church. “He could say little,” he remarked, “with regard to the doctrines that would be taught in that church. Little indeed could be said; they were of so simple a character that a very few words would suffice to describe them. To his mind the simpler the faith and the doctrines they professed and followed the more likely were they to live up to that faith, to comprehend it as every member of a congregation ought to do; he could not, however, but mention a circumstance which took place a few days ago when their friends the members of St. Thomas's Church opened their new building. He was very much struck by the doctrines propounded and the remarks made by the worthy Bishop of Manchester, and he could not help comparing those remarks with the words spoken at a similar gathering by Dr. Martineau some few months ago in Liverpool; the similarity in the remarks was so striking that he said to himself, What is this Bishop, and what is Dr. Martineau? They might call them what they liked, but the doctrines of those two men seemed so identical, their practical common-sense seemed

to him so much alike, that, call them Church of England or Unitarian, or what they would, they were practically following the same path, and were practically preaching the doctrines of common-sense, and the doctrines which he felt proud as a Unitarian to say they endeavoured to instil into those who belonged to their body. He could not but feel either that the Bishop was a Unitarian at heart or else that Dr. Martineau was an orthodox Churchman, and he came to the conclusion that it did not matter what they were called, they were both in the right path." Mr. Peacock's splendid gift was completed by an elaborate decoration of the church in the autumn of 1886, carried out under the direction of the architect, at a cost of several hundred pounds.

Turning now to the political side of Mr. Peacock's career, we find that in 1866 he was the Chairman of the Gorton Committee for securing the return of Mr. Gladstone for South Lancashire. He continued a consistent support to the Liberal party all through later electoral campaigns. In 1882 he gave active support to Messrs. Leake and Agnew, the Liberal candidates for the Gorton division. In a speech made at that period he thus alluded to his own political views. He said "he was not an extreme politician—he had other things to occupy his life—but he had common-sense enough to know that such a representation as the counties then enjoyed was neither right nor just," and he proceeded to argue in favour of the extension of household suffrage to the counties. On the question of Fair Trade, he said "there had been a great cry raised in the country for Fair Trade, and probably many of those present, who professed to be Free Traders, thought it a bad cry. He did not think so, but he went to this extent, and he would act up to it—no trade could be fair trade that was not free."

In 1885 Mr. Peacock was himself induced to come forward as a candidate for Parliamentary honours. The circumstances under which this was urged upon him have been thus described by Miss Emily Faithfull: "I was present," she writes, "at a somewhat unusual demonstration on Saturday afternoon at Gorton Hall, the residence of Mr. Richard Peacock, J.P. Shortly after luncheon a crowd of people gathered together at the lodge, and when their number was complete they entered the grounds, and about 150 of the representatives of the electors of the new Parliamentary division of Gorton, Openshaw, and Denton took possession of one of the lawns, where some chairs and tables betokened the advent of both speakers and reporters. The object of the meeting was to present Mr. Peacock with a requisition, signed by upwards of 5,000 of his fellow-townsmen, requesting him to come forward as the first Parliamentary candidate for the district. It is no secret that there have been some strifes and heartburnings over this matter. While Mr. Peacock was recruiting his health with his daughter in the Riviera this winter, some ambitious spirits, fired with the hope of

having the cherished dignity of M.P. added to their names, circulated rumours detrimental to Mr. Peacock's political faith and interest, hurried on the action of the Liberal Council, and a certain Mr. Crosfield received votes enough to induce him to flatter himself that his candidature would receive the support of the constituency. Mr. Peacock on his return to Gorton Hall held himself altogether aloof from the matter, in spite of the columns of letters which friends and foes were contributing to the local papers. This gentleman may be described as the father and founder of these townships; he has introduced the gigantic works which now flourish in their midst, and his own engineering firm paid in wages alone last year £125,000. The *Lady's Pictorial* some months since contained an account of the success of Mr. Peacock's spirited efforts to employ ladies in the machine-drawing department of this large foundry, from which steam engines of unrivalled strength and beauty are despatched to every part of the world. But not only has Mr. Peacock aided in the material prosperity of the place, but in every movement which has forwarded the educational interests and social progress of the people. He has done so with such noble generosity of spirit, making no distinctions of party, creed, or sect, that his friends are naturally to be found in all ranks, and in spite of his political sentiments, his candidature was as heartily desired by some of his Conservative admirers as by his staunchest Liberal supporters. Consequently the electors have determined to upset the action of the Liberal Council, and after various approaches they induced Mr. Peacock to promise to accept the candidature of the district if he received a requisition to do so signed by 3,000 of the ratepayers. To-day they presented him with a bulky document bearing more than 5,000 names, which had been collected in the course of four days, and as the total number of voters is 12,000 (it was really only 10,200) Mr. Peacock's popularity is very apparent."

Following this there was a vigorous electioneering campaign entered upon by and on behalf of Mr. Peacock. He attracted many prominent politicians to his side, amongst them the late Sir Joseph Whitworth and Mr. Hugh Mason, M.P., whose name had long been a power in Lancashire. Mr. Mason bore testimony to a long and intimate acquaintance with Mr. Peacock, and added (in a communication which saw the light during the contest): "By a career of honourable industry and integrity you have been enabled to raise yourself to the high position of one of the great captains of trade and commerce of whom our country is proud. It is almost unbecoming of me to refer to your broad generosity on behalf of every public movement for the promotion of education and religion among those by whom you are surrounded and among whom you live. Your good works have been done silently. Men like you are wanted in the House of Commons, and either Gorton or any other con-

stituency will be most ably and fortunately represented by having as member one who possesses special qualifications for a post so honourable and responsible."

In the course of the contest Mr. Peacock addressed many meetings, and entered into the business of electioneering with characteristic energy. His first opponent found but few adherents, but Mr. Peacock presently found himself confronted by a more powerful rival in the person of Mr. Flattely, who came out with strong Conservative support. When the day of election arrived Gorton was the scene of great commotion, and on the result of the poll being declared it was found that Mr. Peacock's requisition had been more than made good at the polling booths, for while his opponent, Mr. Flattely, had had 3,552 votes placed to his credit, Mr. Peacock had received 5,300, giving him a majority of 1,748; this triumph was celebrated with much rejoicing at Gorton, the return of the popular candidate being generally regarded as a well deserved tribute to an honourable career. It was not long, however, before another contest was forced upon the Gorton division by the defeat of Mr. Gladstone's Irish schemes, which caused the general election of 1886. In the ordinary course Mr. Peacock would in all probability have been re-elected without opposition, but the all-important prominence given to the Irish question put before the constituencies something more than party considerations, and gave opportunities of opposition that otherwise might not have arisen. Mr. Peacock went with Mr. Gladstone, consequently many who had previously voted for the popular ironmaster betook themselves to the opposite side, and relying on the chances of the division thus created Lord Grey de Wilton entered the field in the Conservative interest, and was enabled to make a much better fight of it than Mr. Flattely had done; the result was that Mr. Peacock this time received only 4,592 votes as against the 5,300 of six months previous. For all that he was successful, the number of votes polled for Lord Grey de Wilton being 4,135, giving Mr. Peacock a majority of 457. There can be no doubt, however, politics apart, Mr. Peacock is the most popular man in the division, as he deserves to be, seeing that he has been in a great measure the creator of the prosperity of that now busy part of Lancashire. As yet he has not been able to have his full Parliamentary capacity tested, but, as far as his experience has gone, he has proved himself a zealous and active representative, and has already had his great mechanical knowledge and business sagacity successfully utilized on several important committees.

Before closing our biographical references to the subject of our sketch, it ought to be mentioned that Mr. Peacock has always evinced a deep sympathy with artistic effort of every kind, and has both by word and deed greatly assisted the higher culture of the time. He struck the proper key-note in his address to the Royal Institution, and any one who is fortunate enough to get a

glimpse of the interior of Gorton Hall and is privileged to look upon the home surroundings of this man of the people, will see how carefully he has exemplified his own teaching in the art treasures which he has gathered around him. His pictures include some of the most notable examples of modern art and not a few works of the older masters. Sir Edwin Landseer is represented by his grand picture of the Dogs of St. Bernard, of which it has been said that it will preserve the artist's fame "as long as art holds a place in the affections of mankind." Hardy's celebrated picture of the Fighting Lions, one of the largest paintings of animal life of modern times, is also in Mr. Peacock's collection, which also contains many valuable and interesting works by R. Ansdell, R.A., F. Goodall, R.A., E. W. Cooke, R.A., H. O'Neill, Birket Foster, Erskine Nicol, Sidney Cooper, and others. Mr. Peacock also possesses the famous copy of Paul Potter's Bull. In the selection of these various works an admirable appreciation of genuine art has been displayed, and Mr. Peacock has always been ready to place his collection at the service of the public when occasion has demanded or the cause of higher culture could be advanced.

It is now fitting that we should make some attempt to describe, as briefly as may be, the leading features of the great industrial concern of which Mr. Peacock is the head.

The works, which comprise fourteen acres, have for their northern boundary the Manchester, Sheffield and Lincolnshire Railway (with which they have direct communication), and are bordered on the south by Gorton Lane. Within this large and conveniently situated area Messrs. Beyer, Peacock and Co. have erected a series of workshops which are probably unequalled in the country for their general adaptability to the purposes for which they are required. Every shop and foundry has had ample space given to it for its operations, breadth and loftiness being striking features of each workplace, resulting in the best attainable conditions of labour for the people employed. All have been built according to one general design, so that each workshop seems almost the counterpart of the others.

The approach to this hive of industry, with its 2,000 to 3,000 workpeople, its mighty hammer-thunderings and its flashes of furnace-flames, is through an atmosphere of smoke, for Gorton is now largely given over to the workers in iron. On every hand, however, there is the evidence of active prosperity and substantial progress, and in nothing is this more attractively indicated, perhaps, than in the splendid suite of offices which guards the chief entrance to Gorton Foundry. These offices are of comparatively recent date, and comprise a large variety of really handsome rooms. There is a drawing-office, 100 feet by 40 feet, and 25 feet high, admirably lighted by the electric light, where a number of draughtsmen are constantly at work upon the large and extremely complicated drawings required for locomotive construction, every

part having its full-sized drawing to work from. At the time of our visit drawings were in progress for engines of all descriptions, some for India, some for Russia, some for Sweden, some for Portugal, some for France, some for Italy, and to the eye of the stranger the manifold intricacies of the sections, sub-sections, and inter-sections which the various plans present are labyrinthine mysteries—puzzles beyond the solving. Some idea of the great amount of labour involved in this department may be obtained from the fact that each locomotive requires from 200 to 300 separate drawings. There is also a separate department for the drawing of plans for mechanical tools, most of the tools used in the works being made on the premises. Close to the large drawing-room is the designing office, where the head draughtsman and his assistants do the initial work in connection with the plans. On the other side is a room specially built for the female copyists of plans, who have the privilege of a separate staircase, and by beginning work a quarter of an hour before and leaving a quarter of an hour after the workmen have insured to themselves a privacy not always accorded to their sex in their contact with the business world. The photographic artist has also a place set apart for him in the upper regions of these offices, and with his well-equipped apparatus is kept busily engaged in photographing duplicates of drawings, which not only saves a good deal of labour but assures an accuracy not always attainable by hand-work, for Sol is never inexact in his reproductions. Among the other rooms contained in this immense range of offices may be mentioned the Book Store, in which is kept, in absolute security and arranged for easy reference, every book, document, receipt, letter, or paper that has been received or used by the firm since its commencement. Templets of everything made in the works are also retained. Then there are offices for the principals, secretary, clerks, and what not, dining-rooms, strong-rooms, &c., and pay offices, in which by an ingenious check and ticket system the whole of the workpeople employed on the establishment can be paid their wages in about a quarter of an hour. The walls of the chief offices are adorned with large framed photographs of locomotives sent out by the firm to various parts of the world, each engine having its portrait taken before being despatched on its travels. The offices are in telephonic communication with the houses of the principals and all parts of Manchester.

Leaving the offices and proceeding on an expedition through the interior of the works, we first of all come upon a large open space intersected by lines of rails connecting different parts of the foundry with the Manchester, Sheffield and Lincolnshire Railway. The workshops are in three separate divisions, the one on the eastern side comprising pattern shops and stores, and a series of smithies and boiler shops of a total length of 691 feet and a maximum width of 123 ft. The middle division consists of

tool and locomotive shops, and is 163 ft. wide, while the western division, which is devoted to similar purposes, is 143 ft. in width. These dimensions will give some idea of the general extent of the working part of the establishment. On the vacant ground on the western side a set of tram rails forming an immense oval, with sharp curves for testing tramway engines, has been put down. The larger tool shops are each about sixty yards in length. The ground thus occupied, the army of workmen, and all the clatter, din, and smoke which arises testify to the multiform operations necessary to the turning out of some two hundred locomotives per annum, in addition to numerous machine tools. To attempt to describe the various operations in detail would be to aim at the impossible. A brief survey must therefore suffice.

There is the pattern-making room, which is a wilderness of whirling saws and screaming planing machines, from twenty to thirty benches being engaged in the work. There is the great storeroom above, where we have to thread our way through long avenues of patterns of cylinders, wheels, valves, &c., with light and dark interminglings, the light patterns being for brass and the dark for iron. A complete set of models for a locomotive will cost about £200. Then our way lies through a series of smithies in which sundry Titanic operations are being performed by the combined aid of fire, steam and human intelligence, the huge steam-hammers keeping up an incessant thundering, and the too substantial sparks from the red-hot iron seeming to keep the place under a continuous steam of fire. The mere making of bolts is a strange and wondrous process to the eyes of the uninitiated. The next stage of advancement is to the boiler shops, where the heavy operations connected with the shaping, drilling, and rivetting of boilers are carried on. Steam travelling cranes are at work in every shop, and it is a sight for giants to witness a boiler and fire-box suspended from a 12-ton crane, with guiding chains attached and carrying its special motive power along with it. The drilling of holes for the reception of bolts, and the subsequent insertion and rivetting of the bolts at white heat by means of hydraulic machines, are processes of ponderous precision.

We proceed from shop to shop, from forge to forge, and foundry to foundry, and at every stage are met with the evidence of wonderful activity. Here we see the production of the metal in the cupolas, the horizontal engine which drives the blowing fan running at 240 revolutions a minute with 75 lb. steam; here the moulding of different parts of the locomotives, the molten metal mixing in fiery brightness amongst the dark mould, and running off into familiar shapes; here the fixing together of various parts and the fitting of one with another; here the erection of the parts into one formidable whole; and here the painting, polishing, and beautifying of the completed engines ready for launching upon the outer world. Then there is a hydraulic testing machine,

which has a shop pretty well to itself, as it deserves to have, for it is to this machine that all materials used in the construction of Beyer, Peacock and Co.'s engines are submitted for trial, and if they pass the strength-tussle with this gauger of power they are regarded as quite competent to be passed forward to their appointed places. Then the mystery of wheel-making has to be looked at. Wheels are built up from the separate parts, previously forged under the steam-hammer. The spokes, after being forged, with their wedge-shaped ends, which meet in the centre, having V-shaped grooves on both inclined sides of the wedge, are placed with the wedge downwards and inclosed between two clamps, on the anvil of a steam-hammer, the other end having been raised to a welding heat; a bar—also brought to a welding heat—is then “dabbed on,” and beaten down to form part of the rim. Such a joint has been slotted through and tested in every way without showing a sign of unsoundness. When the spokes are all put together in a hoop, the two V-grooves in the inclined sides of the wedge-shaped ends form diamond-shaped holes, to receive corresponding keys. The centre is raised to welding heat, when a washer is welded, first on one side and then on the other, to form the boss. Tires are bored by being made to revolve horizontally on a table while being acted upon simultaneously by three tools set in boxes, self-acted in both directions, on fixed arms. Tires, for being shrunk on the wheels, are laid on a face-plate, and heated uniformly by a ring of gas jets, when the wheel is dropped in and the tire cooled by a stream of cold water applied by a hose.

The tool shops are several in number, but the largest of all, in which we look across a forest of belts and wheels, is probably the most extensive workshop of the kind in the country. There are also brass foundries, coppersmiths' shops, case-hardening sheds, tender shops, and other places too numerous to specify.

The scene is altogether a very impressive one, and puts us in touch, to a certain extent, with nearly all the countries of the world. Locomotives of a non-smoke-emitting description are here made for the Metropolitan lines, engines for Buenos Ayres with motion bars boxed in for excluding dust, engines of special design for the Mersey Tunnel traffic, engines for the Dutch Government constructed for a regular express speed of 62 miles an hour, engines for India, engines for Japan, engines for Russia, and engines for many other countries, the total number of locomotives made by Messrs. Beyer, Peacock and Co. from their start to the present time being about 3,000. We have seen what qualities of brain and mind have been necessary to the building up of a gigantic success of this kind, and there is ample evidence that those qualities will continue to be the directing force at Gorton in the future. Few firms have done so well and fewer still have deserved so well.

A RONDEAU

(MA FOI, C'EST FAICT).

(A LONG WAY AFTER VINCENT VOITURE, 11598-1648.)

By Jove! I've done it; that demure witch Flo
Has begged of me to write her a rondeau,
And I've consented! Here's a pretty mess!
What! thirteen lines—eight "eaus" and five in "ess!"
I'd rather die than e'er be tortured so.

But five already! This is grand; bravo!
One more makes seven—that's a decent show;
The thing is now to mention my distress.
By Jove! I've done it.

Now let me summon all the rhymes I know;
Four more are wanted. Yoicks! Away we go.
No, stop! No, stay! Eleven are done, no less.
Next the great question, How the twelfth express?
What, the last line! it can't be true! Hallo!
By Jove! I've done it.

E. S. S.

MY CITY.

WHEN I was young, long, long ago,
I loved a maid named Kitty;
I woo'd her in a London lane—
I won her in my City.

At even, when our work was done,
We'd roam, would I and Kitty;
And that was one way that I learned
To love you, too, my City.

And when at last I'd saved the coin
Wherewith to marry Kitty,
I still was faithful to my loves,
To her—and you, my City.

So in a busy, business street
I made a home for Kitty,
Ah, very happy was I then
With her—and you, my City!

Through toilsome days and wakeful nights
Long years I worked for Kitty;—
For Kitty and the little ones,
Our babes—and yours, my City.

Then fortune smiled;—a stately house
We reared, did I and Kitty,
Far off from all we'd loved in youth,
Far off from you, my City.

My City.

But now our boys have long been men,
A wife's our little Kitty.
Alas ! Alas ! They all have grown
Ashamed of you, my City !

The stories of your ancient lore,
Beloved by me and Kitty,
They turn to jest or vote a bore ;
In fact—they hate my City.

And every vestige of the past,
Along with me and Kitty,
They'd send to seek that Laker dim*
Who dwelt where now's my City.

And oh, they strive with might and main,
Now don't they, darling Kitty ?
To re-construct us o'er again,—
Their parents—and their City.

Theirs ! No, *not* theirs, but yours and mine ;
For they ne'er loved it, Kitty,
Nor ever woo'd and won and wed
As we—within our City !

Oh, carry me to Kensal Green,
(You'll go too, won't you, Kitty ?)
Before they quite improve to nought
What's left of you, my City !

L. ALLDRIDGE

* "Llyn-dun," the Lake fortress—whence London.

MODERN IRISH POETRY

WHILE it cannot be disputed that of late days Irish political poetry has degenerated, it is not to be denied that of other kinds of verse much has been produced that is characteristically excellent. The legendary, lyrical, historical, and descriptive poems which have seen the light since the Young Ireland revival will bear comparison with the same class of compositions to which that memorable period gave birth; but, strange as it may appear, most of them are unknown in Ireland.

For instance, the names of Aubrey de Vere and W. Allingham, which are familiar to English readers as those of highly-cultured and rarely-gifted poets, whose works are of high excellence, are rarely heard in Ireland; at all events it is a fact that, save a few of their shorter poems and ballads, none of their compositions are to be found in any of the many collections of Irish verse published in Ireland, or in England for the Irish market. And yet both are genuine Celtic singers. Mr. de Vere's treatment of the many legends connected with the name of the patron saint of Ireland should render his poems embodying them irresistibly attractive to Irish readers for their true interpretation of the spirit which pervades and the subtle meaning that underlies them; but they are "caviare to the general," inasmuch as the public in general will not look at them. The same writer's collection of poems published under the title of "Innisfail" is a book, also, that should have secured wide popularity in Ireland, for the reason that in its episodes of Irish history, ranging from the twelfth to the eighteenth centuries, are invested with all the luminous glorification that the highest poetic genius can impart to occurrences that may not in themselves have been particularly heroic or inspiring; but it is as rare almost in this country as a first folio "Shakespeare." Not even the shorter pieces, which lend themselves so readily to reproduction, and which are instinct with Celtic fervour—such for example, as an invocation to Erin called "Roisin Dubh," of which the following is a specimen:

"Oh, who art thou with that queenly brow
And uncrowned head?
And why is the vest that binds thy breast
O'er the heart blood red?
Like a rosebud in June was that spot at noon—
A rosebud weak;
But it deepens and grows like a July rose;
Death pale thy cheek!

"The babes I fed at my foot lay dead;
 I saw them die.
 In Ramah a blast went winding past;
 It was Rachel's cry.
 But I stand sublime on the shores of time
 And I pour my ode,
 As Miriam sang to the cymbal's clang,
 On the wind to God"—

find place in any popular selections from the works of Irish poets that are procurable. In like manner, with Mr. Allingham's "Lawrence Bloomfield," and others of his longer poems, the Irish reading public have not nearly so much acquaintance as with the works of even minor English poets. A few of his songs, however, may be found in Irish collections, and of them "Mary Donnelly" is most frequently quoted. It is quaintly pretty and original:

"Her eyes like mountain water that's flowing on a rock,
 How clear they are, how dark they are; and they give me many a shock.
 Red rowans in sunshine and wetted with a shower,
 Could ne'er express the charming lip that has one in its power.

"Her nose is straight and handsome, her eyebrows lifted up,
 Her chin is very neat and pert, and smooth like a china cup,
 Her hair, the brag of Ireland, so weighty and so fine;
 It's rolling down upon her neck, and gather'd in a twine.

"When she stood up for dancing, her steps were so complete,
 The music nearly killed itself to listen to her feet;
 The fiddler moan'd his blindness, he heard her so much praised,
 But blessed his luck to be not deaf, when once her voice she raised."

Amongst the poets with whose non-political poems and ballads English readers have not had an opportunity of becoming acquainted, but which are familiar to the readers of the Irish Nationalist newspapers, and are to be found in most of the published collections of Irish poetry, are Lady Wylde, J. K. Casey, T. C. Irwin, and T. D. Sullivan; and, of Irish-Americans, Miss Fanny Parnell, Genl. Halpin, R. D. Joyce, and Father Ryan.

The poetry of Lady Wylde is highly declamatory, but harmonious in the rhythmical flow of its stately periods, and rarely vigorous in thought and expression. For instance, in an historical poem bewailing the famine and the exodus, the following stanzas occur:

"A million, a decade!—of human wrecks,
 Corpses lying in fever sheds—
 Corpses huddled on foundering decks,
 And shroudless dead on their rocky beds,
 Nerve and muscle, and heart and brain,
 Lost to Ireland—lost in vain.

* * * *

"Had ye rent one gyve of her festering chain,
 Strangling the life of the nation's soul;
 Poured your life-blood by river and plain,
 Yet touched with your dead hand freedom's goal
 Left of heroes one foot-print more
 On our soil though stamped in your gore—

" We could triumph while mourning the brave,
Dead for all that was holy and just,
And write, through our tears, on the grave,
As we fling down the dust to dust—
They died for their country, but led
Her up from the sleep of the dead."

But the sympathies of Lady Wylde are as wide as her poetry is cosmopolitan. Many of her poems are scholarly renderings from foreign writers. A very noble poem is "The Voice of the Poor:"

" Was sorrow ever like to our sorrow ?
Oh ! God above !
Will our night never change into a morrow
Of joy and love ?
A deadly gloom is on us waking, sleeping,
Like the darkness at noontide,
That fell upon the pallid mother, weeping
By the Crucified.
* * * * *
" We must toil, though the light of life is burning,
Oh ! how dim !
We must toil on our sick bed, feebly turning
Our eyes to Him,
Who alone can hear the pale lip faintly saying,
With scarce moved breath,
While the paler hands, uplifted, aid his praying—
Lord, grant us death !"

Lady Wylde, however, is a poetess of the Young Ireland rather than of the later, or Fenian period. As is well known, she wrote many of the fiercest of the incendiary prose articles in the Young Ireland organ, *The Nation*, and one in particular that caused the suppression of that paper. She has been spoken of as the "inspired priestess" of the '48 movement, a title to which the following lines from an early poem, *Attendite Popule*, will show she had solid claim :

" Oh that I stood upon some lofty tower,
Before the gathered people, face to face,
That, like God's thunder, might my words of power
Roll down the cry of freedom to its base !
Oh ! that my voice, a storm above all storms,
Could cleave earth, air, and ocean ; rend the sky
With the fierce earthquake shout : ' To Arms ! to Arms !
For Truth, Fame, Freedom, Vengeance, Victory ! '"

T. C. Irwin, too, is a real poet and not a mere verse-spinner. His pen pictures of wits and worthies of the time of Queen Anne, are really artistic productions ; and his Songs and Ballads, if sometimes suggestive of the manner of his contemporaries, have *verve* and finish. This from a poem, "My Violin," is Bérangeresque, but sweet and melodious :

" Old friends, your homes in sunset shine,
The trees around them softly sigh,
While o'er the distant rolling brine,
You sail from home and poverty ;

I see your vessel far away,
 I see your faces sad and wan
 Turned where the day
 Sets wild and gray—
 Sing of them, sing, old violin."

And in the "Potato Digger's Song" the same singer inculcates virtues which the Irish would be none the worse for more generally exercising—those of persistent industry and self-reliance :

"Come, Connell *acushla* ! turn the clay,
 And show the lumpers the light, *gossoon*,
 For we must toil this autumn day,
 With Heaven's help, 'til rise of the moon.
 Our corn is stacked, our hay secure,
 Thank God, and nothing, my boy, remains,
 But to pile the potatoes safe on the flure,
 Before the coming November rains.
 The peasant's mine is his harvest still ;
 So now, my lads, let's dig with a will ;
 Work hand and foot,
 Work spade and hand,
 Work spade and hand,
 Through the crumbly mould ;
 The blessed fruit
 That grows at the root—
 Is the real gold of Old Ireland."

In what may be described as the poetry of the affections Irish writers of the present day, as of the past, have few equals. The Irish character is emotional and peculiarly susceptible to outside influences. The home affections, in particular, have a stronger hold on the Irish than perhaps on any other people ; an Irishman not merely loves his country as a patriot, but his heart is centred on the particular part of it that was his birth-place and his early home, and the associations connected therewith. There, as a native bard puts it, is his

"Dear hoard of treasured love."

For this reason chiefly, no doubt, it is that poetic lamentations of departing emigrants are always certain of a responsive echo in Irish hearts. Mr. T. D. Sullivan—who has done much better work than the "Lays of the Land League"—has written a very pathetic poem of this character, in which the dying wife of an Irish emigrant on board ship thus addresses her husband :

"Oh, Michael, *agra*, sure they tell us
 Of many a body long drowned ;
 Of sailors and other poor fellows,
 Brought home by the surges and found
 On shore by the kind-hearted people,
 Who lay them in consecrate ground.
 Oh ! grant me, good God of Heaven,
 My body, when days have rolled past,
 Even so to the shore may be driven,
 High up on the strand may be cast,
 And may rest in the earth of Old Ireland,
 My own holy Ireland, at last."

"An Exile's Song," by J. K. Casey, is also pervaded by the same simple and touching pathos:

"What am I thinking of all the day?
What am I dreaming of all the night?
Why am I sighing when all are gay,
And gloomy 'mid scenes that are fair and bright?
Answer it, burning and lonely heart!
Answer it, leagues of ocean foam,
That widely, darkly, and drearily part
The wandering Celt from his native home!

* * * *

"And I thought of Tom and my brother Ned,
And Katie, the dearest to me of all;
And I thought of my mother so cold and dead,
'Neath the holy shade of the Abbey wall;
I thought of the cabins beside the heath,
Of the daily toil, and the twilight rest,
Till I prayed that the cold, cold hand of death
Might bear me away to my mother's breast."

The love songs also, as a rule, are permeated by the same tender and fervid sentiment. One of them, that is in high favour in Ireland, is called "Come to Me, Dearest." It was written by Joseph Brennan, a widely popular poet of the early Fenian era. In it the following lines occur:

"Figure that moves like a song through the even;
Features lit up by a reflex of Heaven;
Eyes like the skies of poor Erin, our mother,
When sunshine and shadow are chasing each other;
Smiles coming seldom, but childlike and simple,
Planting on each rosy cheek a sweet dimple,
Oh! thanks to the Saviour that even thy seeming
Is left to the exile to brighten his dreaming."

In another of this class of songs, the writer—unlike Burns, whose lovers think and speak of the influence of their mistresses over them as ending on earth—vows:

"Love as unchangeably beaming,
And trust when in secret most tunelessly streaming;
Till the starlight of Heaven above us shall quiver,
And our souls flow in one down Eternity's river."

Of modern poets those of Irish-America deservedly hold high place. Miss Fanny Parnell had much of the power of Lady Wylde, whom she evidently made her model, and her verse had also the sonorous *timbre* which is characteristic of the work of that distinguished lady. Another favourite poet of the Irish in the United States was General Halpin, better known as Private Miles O'Reilly. His songs and ballads of the War of the Secession are very stirring and spirited. Dr. R. D. Joyce, too, attained much fame for his legendary and descriptive poems. A couple of his more ambitious works—legendary poems—called "Deidre"

and "Blanid," were published in London some time ago and were favourably reviewed. The argument of the former gives ample scope for the exercise of the dramatic and poetic faculty. It runs thus :

The King of Einan is entertained in the house of Filmid, his story-teller, whose wife gives birth to a daughter, Deidrè, while the banquet is in progress. A seer foretells that she will be beautiful and bring much distinction on Einan, whereupon the king directs that she shall be kept closely confined in a strong place until she arrives at the marriageable age. But, as might be expected, love laughed at locksmiths, and the young lady contrived to fall in love with one Naisi, who, aided by his two brothers, carry her off to Alba and take service under the king. That monarch in turn, captivated by Deidrè's charms, tries to bring about the death of her lover, who, however, succeeds in escaping, with his brothers, to a beautiful island in the sea. From thence, however, the amorous monarch manages to decoy them and has them murdered. The legend closes with the death of Deidrè, who expires with grief on the dead body of her husband. It is treated with much dramatic power by Dr. Joyce. The following from the seer's prediction is a fair specimen of the spirit and method of the poem :

"Each thread of thy yellow hair
For some grent hero's heart shall be a snare
Of love's enchantment. Blue shall be thine eyes,
As are deep sapphire depths of April skies ;
White pearls thy teeth ; thy lips, and bright cheeks, red
As berries in the bosky wild wood bred
'Neath summer suns ; and fair and smooth thy skin
As the soft satin rose leaves, white and thin,
Of the king's garden in the prime of June."

Sir S. Ferguson, the well-known author of the "Forging of the Anchor," and other popular Irish poems—has also made this legend the groundwork of a very charming poem, but differing somewhat in incident and treatment from that of Dr. Joyce.

The verse of Father Ryan is very melodious, but melancholy, if strongly devotional. He sees nothing in life but its sorrows, and he is aware of it all.

"My feet are weary, and my hands are tired,
My soul opprest ;
And with desire, have I longed, desired
Rest, only rest."

This is the key-note of all his poetry, but all the same he has the poetic afflatus, and is a thorough artist.

Mr. Percival Groves, who has the misfortune also to be a poet who has little honour in his own country, is known in London as the author of a couple of volumes of Irish songs and ballads. He is intensely Irish in feeling and expression, and has humour and

pathos as well ; and, moreover, his songs are easily singable. The following fragment shows how truly "racy of the soil" is Mr. Groves' style :

"The dreamy shadows
Along the meadows
Go softly stealing,
And falls the dew ;
And o'er the billows,
Like faithful swallows,
All, all my thoughts, dear,
Fly home to you.

"The night is falling,
And you are calling
The cattle homeward,
With coaxing tone ;
In God's own keeping,
Awake or sleeping,
'Tis now I leave you,
Maureen, Maurone !

When I have mentioned that a very charming collection of verses by a young Irish poetess, Miss Tynan—not, however, exclusively Irish in subject—has lately been published, I may be taken as having pretty accurately indicated most of the modern Irish bards whose work rises at all above mediocrity.

As I have pointed out, Irish writers find in England the best market for their wares. But, after all, there is some reciprocity in the business. We read the works of English authors, and are much better "up" in Tennyson and Browning than in our de Vere and our Allingham, and even in our Moore or our Davis. No doubt this is very unpatriotic, but it is the fact. Our political leaders mourn such "degeneracy"—so they call it—in touching tones. What particularly saddens them are the "shoals of English trash"—meaning the cheap English weekly news and story papers—that find circulation in Ireland. Professedly to counteract this evil, the proprietors of the Dublin *Freeman's Journal* brought out a story paper some time ago called the "Irish Fireside," and the proprietors of *United Ireland* another called the "Shamrock," which were intended to drive the "English trash" aforesaid quite out of the field with "pure Irish literature." The enterprise, however, can hardly have succeeded, since the "Irish Fireside" has for its staple attraction some one of the many novels turned out by English manufactories of fiction for Great British consumption. The *pièce de résistance* of the "Shamrock" is an elaborately false and unutterably stupid libel on the Irish character, called the "Adventures of Mick M'Quaid," which if it appeared in the columns of an English periodical would be denounced by all Ireland as a gross outrage on the Irish people.

RICHARD FIGOTT.

BLUE-SKIN DICK.

By A. C. BICKLEY,

AUTHOR OF "GEORGE FOX AND THE EARLY QUAKERS," ETC.

ACCORDING to precedent this article ought to have been headed, "A Brief Account of the late Rev. Richard Culmer, M.A.," but the present title is preferable because it is familiar to all readers of "The Ingoldsby Legends." Anything, too, that is familiar seems suitable to Culmer, that is, if the old proverb about familiarity breeding contempt is true, for the more one knows about him the more contemptible he seems.

Enormous as the literature relating to the Puritans is, it is nevertheless very incomplete. Our library shelves groan with lives of Puritans who fought with carnal as well as spiritual weapons, of Puritans who preached, of Puritans who wrote endless denunciatory quartos against everybody who happened to differ with them, or who founded sects or otherwise laudably distinguished themselves; but in nearly every instance these men, though perhaps mistaken in their ideas and narrow as to their views, were at least upright and sincere. Yet, as a matter of fact, there were a few prominent members of the party who were neither, and Blue-skin Dick, the subject of this article, was one.

According to Hasted's "History of Kent," the Culmer family was during the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries one of the most considerable in Thanet, but at the end of the latter century, when our hero first saw the light, its glory had departed and his father was merely what would now be termed a substantial yeoman, a man who cultivated his own land on the sea-coast near Broadstairs.

Of Mr. Culmer's early history we know nothing, except that his parents believed him to possess unlimited talents and prophesied a brilliant future for him. This may have arisen merely from parental partiality, for the only feat recorded of him before his school days commenced is that he once descended the cliffs in order to catch the young jackdaws whose parents had nested in the crevices of the rocks, by the aid of a rope he had fastened round the horns of a cow which happened to be feeding near the edge, which incident, an adversary afterwards remarked, somewhat unkindly, "hardened him against all subsequent fear of a rope."

Of his life at the King's School at Canterbury there are conflicting accounts, one of which states that he was head boy, the other

that he was an arrant dunce who required all learning to be driven into him *a posteriori*. That he was not a model boy is certain, for a particularly stinging variety of birch rod was kept for his special correction, and even after he had departed for the University was still called by his name. He is said to have been distinguished as a player of "rakehelly" pranks, and to have been proficient in the arts of "swearing, thieving, cuffing and football playing." He was also a coward, for after indulging in these pastimes he was accustomed to crawl into a hole so as to escape the attentions which the master was accustomed to pay to his hinder parts. In 1613 he removed to Cambridge and matriculated at Magdalene College as a fellow commoner. While an undergraduate, a chronicler avers that he became "master or more correctly doctor" of the accomplishments which had distinguished him at school; and it is tolerably certain that the exhibition of them caused him to be "sent down." The matter stood thus: Mr. Culmer objected to the fare provided by the college authorities and endeavoured to amend it by stealing wheat with the design of having it transformed into frumenty. Unfortunately, the farmer to whom the grain belonged witnessed the transaction, and tracking him home complained to the college authorities. Richard was summarily tried, convicted and sentenced, and, until birch rods of exceeding virulence could be constructed, locked in the buttery. While here, he employed his time in extracting the spigots from the barrels, and when the butler and others were busily engaged in saving the liquors, he managed to force the locks and escape. For an offence against their neighbour the college authorities deemed a flogging sufficient, for contempt of themselves they rusticated the culprit.

The next nine years of Culmer's life are a blank. By inference we know that he made his peace with the University, that he took orders and that he married, for in 1630 he was presented to the living of Godneston, and is styled M.A. Four years later he was suspended *ab officio* by Archbishop Laud, because he refused to read the "Booke of Sabbath Sports," and he complains thereof bitterly, alleging that his was a particularly hard case, as he had seven children so small that he could carry them all on his back at once. Culmer, however, was at Godneston sufficiently long to set most of his parishioners against him, and the patroness of the living in particular persecuted him whenever she got the chance. His enemies, and their name was legion, affirmed that his boyish characteristics of swearing, fighting, and thieving still clung to him, superadded to which foibles was a vindictive spirit, a quarrelsome disposition, a bitter tongue and a wholesale contempt for veracity. If this be true, and unfortunately there seems no reason to doubt it, Culmer's troubles are not to be wondered at.

Culmer got it into his head that some gentleman, always referred to as Mr. E. B. (possibly his neighbour, Boys of Sandwich, for with

him Culmer seems to have been at enmity), had called the Archbishop's attention to his contumacy, and in revenge this contumacious clerk accused E. B. to the Council of having spoken treasonable words. The charge was a serious one, for had it been proven death, or at the least mutilation, awaited the offender; but on examination it was declared false and malicious, and Culmer was sent to the Fleet to reflect on the advisability of keeping intact the ninth commandment. That veracious (?) historian, Anthony à'Wood, declares that from this time Blue-skin Dick "became an enemy to Archbishop Laud, to the Cathedral at Canterbury, and to all the prelatical party." He certainly became a bitter enemy to the minister who succeeded him at Godneston, for he accused him of having joined in the outcry caused by his refusing to read the "Book of Sports" for the sake of gaining popularity and "lucre."

After he had been "silenced" nearly four years Laud withdrew the suspension, and the next thing we learn about Culmer is that he was curate to Dr. Robert Austin at Harbledon. At this time detestation of the Sabbath sports seems to have been his strongest characteristic, and he speedily became unpopular by sending his children to watch the players and see that they did not exceed their licence. The first result was that the unhappy children were stoned, the second that the parishioners surrounded his house on all possible occasions, making uncomplimentary remarks and destroying any bits of property which lay handy. One man to whom, and with good cause, Culmer refused the sacrament, rushed at Mrs. Culmer with a drawn sword, and being seized was tried for felony and burnt in the hand. Then as residents in neighbouring parishes evinced such a want of taste as to wish to hear Blue-skin Dick preach—and judging by reports of his sermons the want of taste is undeniable—the churchwardens got a lot of boards, which they managed to arrange in the church in such a manner that the visitors must stand, for sitting down was impossible.

At length Dr. Austin resigned the living, and Culmer, suffering the usual fate of curates, had to leave too. The incoming curate seems to have been anything but a suitable man for a parson, but the people were content, for they said "they cared not whom they had so long as they were rid of Culmer."

And now history is again silent till 1642, when he got possession of the rectory of Chartham, near Canterbury; and a little later, according to à'Wood, he obtained the vicarage of St. Stephen's in that city, the incumbent of which had been ejected for refusing the Covenant. In neither of these parishes did he reside long, yet in both was he entirely hated.

Somehow or other Culmer made powerful friends who stuck to him like leeches, taking his part through thick and thin with a noble disregard of everything except their own will. One of his first appointments was to be a member of a band of ministers selected to "purify" Canterbury Cathedral from superstitious

images and inscriptions, which they were instructed "to detect and destroy." The commission was one after Culmer's own heart, and he was careful not to put too limited an interpretation upon it. It is not his fault that we have a morsel of ancient glass left in the church, for when the very labourers refused to break the gorgeous windows Culmer was not too proud to do it himself. In the Chapel of St. Thomas there was one representing the Devil tempting the Christ, which the workmen declined to demolish on account of its beauty, although they do not appear to have been men of artistic tastes; but Culmer was not to be daunted, and mounting a ladder, which a writer fond of detail has carefully recorded to have had fifty-six rungs, he smashed it with a pike. Yet that it was not wholly destroyed we gather from the fact that when after the Restoration he was judicially examined concerning it, he was asked why "he broke down Christ and left the Devil standing." He replied that he had "an order to take down Christ but had no order to take down the Devil." One writer remarks that this proved that "these plotting brethren did mean when they intended to set up King Jesus to pull down Christ;" but to me it rather tends to show that Culmer was like one of those Indians whose belief in the supernatural begins and ends in a devil. Another window, the great one in the north transept, was also a mark for his fury; he smashed, or caused to be smashed, all the sacred images in the window, including a life-sized figure of St. Thomas à Becket in full pontificals, against whom he seems to have had a special spite, but did not meddle with some memorials of Edward the Fourth which also adorned it. In one case he actually spared, at the request of a prebend's wife, a picture of Christ in the Manger, which shows he was not dead to feminine influences.

Even in that day, puritanical as they were, the people of Canterbury were intensely proud of their cathedral, and surrounded it, vowing that Culmer's skin should pay for the damage he had done. They also accused him, and this he did not attempt to deny, of behaving indecently within its consecrated walls, and what perhaps affected them still more nearly, of having tried to destroy the culverts which supplied the city with water, though, as water-pipes can scarcely be considered by the most fanatical as objects of superstition, his denial of this charge may fairly be accepted. Anyhow, a company of soldiers had to be despatched to get Culmer out of their hands. So many stories to his discredit were current, that the Mayor and Corporation of Canterbury felt constrained to publish a declaration that Culmer was a man of exemplary life and conversation, which afterwards did him good service. The obliging Corporation also petitioned the committee for ejected ministers on his behalf, which tempts one to believe that they were anxious to lose the benefit of his residence among them. The Earl of Warwick replied by promising that their favourite should have a benefice.

His next official employment seems to have been to assist Colonel Gibbon, the Governor of Jersey, to survey the coast of Thanet, to see what measures should be taken to prevent an enemy landing thereon.

Culmer cannot be termed a good son, for somewhere about this time he persuaded his father to make over his property to him, and then, though in what were, at that period, affluent circumstances, coolly left him to starve. For some incomprehensible reason he also thought fit to besmirch the fair fame of his mother, and these eccentricities, together with an utterly untruthful libel, called "*Cathedral News; or, Dean and Chapter News from Canterbury*," published in 1644, raised him to an almost unprecedented height of unpopularity. This pamphlet produced two answers, one of which, "*Antidotum Culmerianum*," is, I should think, with the single exception of Wilkes' "*Essay on Woman*," which I have had the good fortune never to have read, the most coarse and scurrilous libel in the language. It retails, with an amusing gusto and complete absence of decency, all the stories against poor Dick that an unscrupulous writer could scrape together; à'Wood, whose political principles occasionally blinded him, affirms, however, that the author was a "most generous loyalist, who knew him (Culmer)."

And now came the great event in Culmer's life. Dr. Casaubon, having declined to take the Covenant, was ejected from the living of Minster, in Thanet, in 1644, and the Committee of Parliament nominated Blue-skin Dick. No sooner was his appointment known than his old parishioners at Harbledon and Chartham went to Minster to warn the inhabitants what kind of spiritual mentor they were to have, and the villagers determined to give him a warm reception; the more influential by petitions against him and legal means, the humbler sort by sticks and stones and other things that hurt. Culmer does not seem to have taken up his residence at once, possibly because he had to be a good deal in London on account of the part he took against Laud at his trial, and in the interval several of the Minster people went to Westminster to try and get his appointment cancelled, but failed, chiefly because it was known that those sons of Belial called Royalists had determined to light bonfires and have a dance should the mission be successful.

The parishioners would have been in despair had it not been that they hoped to be able to make the place so hot that he would leave of his own accord; but they did not fully know the man they had to deal with: Culmer might safely be trusted never to leave a good living except for a better.

When it was announced that their new incumbent was coming, the loose women of the village—of whom there seem to have been many—determined to go to meet him and duck him well in one of the broad deep ditches which abound in the neighbourhood.

Luckily for the victim there was a quarrel amongst them who should be greatest, and the expedition fell through.

One inhabitant so far forgot himself as to even entertain Blue-skin Dick, so called because he always wore a blue cassock, and would doubtless have drawn a share of the popular indignation on himself had he not satisfactorily proved that he did it in order to induce Culmer to retain the curate, who was a relation of his own. This Culmer refused to do, on the ground that the curate was a Royalist and would cost him forty pounds a year, and he was quite able to attend to the wants of his parish without assistance. Had he declined on account of the curate's character he would have deserved praise, for this assistant priest was so loose a fish that he was known in the parish as "the father of drunkards," and was one who oscillated between the church and the alehouse. He, too, was accustomed to huddle the morning and evening services together, excusing himself with the plea that he was due at a merry meeting in the afternoon, and would go into Sandwich to fetch strong waters and return with a lot of bottles tied round his waist.

And now the real business began. In accordance with the law the new minister had to read himself in, and in order to do so had to break open one of the church windows as the people refused to let him have the keys, but as soon as the ceremony was over the doors were opened, and the people dragged poor Richard out, taunted him with being a thief and a robber because he had not got into the sheepfold by the door, and then thrashed him till he was all over blood and let him go. His house was attacked, his property destroyed, and himself stoned repeatedly. The very women made his life miserable by their tongues.

In accordance with the custom then common Culmer applied for a parish servant, and one was allotted him. Much to his disgust he found she was illegitimate, so he appealed to the magistrates, urging that there had only been eight bastards born since he was appointed to the parish, and desired that he might be excused until the tenth appeared. As he deserved, his wit won his cause.

I must not omit to mention his one effort to gain popularity: he reduced the rent of his glebe lands to a shilling an acre, whereby making it bad for his successor, but it was no use; and when he refused to take the tithes in the same way as his predecessor had done, the people made up their minds not to pay any at all. His tithe collector was stripped, abused, and beaten; when Culmer sent to secure his share of the corn or what not, it was generally found to have been secretly removed, and the subterfuges to evade paying him his dues were endless. Some refused to pay because others would not; some pointed out that possession was eleven (*sic*) points of the law and defied him to use the twelfth, and one man openly declared, in response to Culmer's appeal, that

as Parliament had sent him down against the people's wish they might pay their servant themselves.

The very church became little better than a bear garden. One or another would interrupt his sermon with abuse or taunts. Thus, one would cry out that he had not said prayers during the Christmas holidays, or celebrated the Sacrament, another would call him names for having set people by the ears in the parish, and a third would vociferously announce that the vicar might get his tithes by law, for otherwise he would not pay a penny. They even placed filth in the church to annoy him. After Scarborough had fallen he was so ill-advised as to give public thanks for the event, and there seems to have been little less than a free fight in the church. They accused him of being a "devilish round-headed parson," and cried, "Ho! blue Dick, the devil break your neck." They called his service, for he would not use the Common Prayer as they wished, a "round-headed kind of service," and when he was about to baptize, one cried, "Come, will you hear the round-headed kind of christening?" After he had made two people one, the Benedict coolly told him in the church that he had not done it right.

Outside it was as bad. If he passed the alehouse he was abused and stoned, if he came to his own door he was pelted with filth, if he attempted to bury a person he was threatened to be thrown into the grave. His very horse was abused for a "round-headed nag." Certainly he had, if no other, at least the virtue of courage. "Why do you not leave?" he was once asked. "I am a choleric man and soon moved," he replied, "but I wear a hat with a broad brim and that keeps the rain from my collar."

All this time the principal inhabitants, who had formed a committee, were endeavouring to get Culmer turned out of the living, but they were so unsuccessful that the Earl of Warwick told them that if he moved their enemy at all it would only be to a better benefice. In one application to Parliament they affirmed that he was such a liar that there was a proverb in the place to the effect that falsehoods were "Culmer's news," and that he was a liar extreme is certain; that he made much show but gave little away; that he did not perform his appointed duties, nor would he pay his taxes—for which he is hardly to be blamed, seeing how little tithe he got; that he was foul-mouthed, and that he even harboured "malignants." The last charge was amply disproved, and about the rest Parliament did not trouble. At length the people, having spent about three hundred pounds, gave up the matter in despair, and offered to pay him the whole proceeds of the living if he would only go away and give them leave to appoint another man in his place, which as he declined to do all that was open to them was to make his life a misery, and that they did.

Nor was he more popular out of his parish. He was directed by the committee of Deputy-Lieutenancy to take his turn with

other ministers in lecturing on week-evenings at Margate; the other ministers suffered him to preach once, and then gave up the lectures sooner than have him again.

He was as fanatical as ever regarding superstitious images, and I cannot relate his attempts to purify Minster Church better than by quoting Hasted's account: "On the top of the spire was formerly a globe, and upon that a great wooden cross covered with lead, over which was a vane and above that an iron cross; but about the year 1647 the noted fanatic Richard Culmer having got the sequestration of the vicarage, took it into his fancy that these were monuments of superstition and idolatry, and got these crosses demolished by two persons of the parish whom he had hired, after he had himself before day, by moonlight, fixed ladders for them to go up and down, from the square of the tower to the top of the spire. But if all figures of a cross are monuments of idolatry, and to be removed, the poor caitiff did his work but by halves, or rather not at all, when he took down these from the spire and left the church standing, which is itself built in the form of a cross." The irate parishioners taunted him with having left the greatest cross in the parish still standing, to wit, himself. He also took care to deface the church, and even went so far as, wholly unwarrantably, to pull down a great part of the vicarage. During this year (1647) he managed to get possession of the living of Harbledon, which he held in conjunction with Minster, but how he behaved there I have been unable to discover.

Very little more, unfortunately, is accurately known of Blue-skin Dick. He retained his livings till the Restoration, when he was ejected in his turn. That he did not get more popular or was suffered to live at his ease is certain, but both he and his parishioners were wearied and ceased to be violent. He was notoriously suspected to have been engaged in Venner's conspiracy, and though he tried to get out of the way, was arrested near Chatham, and, after undergoing certain examinations, lodged for a short time in jail, but as nothing could be proved against him his head was saved. After his ejection he went to live at Monkton, but did not survive many months; his adversaries affirm that he died of spleen. His detestation, Archbishop Laud, seems to have summed him up not unjustly when he says that Richard Culmer was "an ignorant person and in his ignorance one of the most daring schismatics in all that country (Kent)." I may add, in conclusion, that he wrote an unveracious account of his troubles at Minster, which was published by his son, Richard Culmer, M.A., sometime master of Sandwich Grammar School, under the title of "*A Parish Looking-Glasse*;" that he was buried at Monkton, and that his personal appearance was only a trifle less repulsive than his character.

MY FIRST APPEARANCE ON ANY STAGE.

By J. D. HUTCHESON.

I.

ALTHOUGH my infancy and earlier childhood was passed in somewhat of a nomad existence, I am not, dear reader, the offspring of strolling players, as the title of my story and this explanation might lead you to suppose, neither was I born in a gipsy's tent. At the time to which this story refers my father held a captain's commission in a marching regiment. I was the firstborn, and at that time only child of my parents, the apple of their eye, their chiefest source of joy and satisfaction. I was duly dandled, and cuddled, and cooed to by fond mother and attentive nurse. I was—like most other infants—inflicted on all my parents' friends and even casual visitors. I was magnificently apparelled, and young ladies consulting my mother about a child's stall at a coming bazaar, left our house in confused astonishment at the number and variety of articles absolutely necessary for baby's wardrobe, and doubtless inwardly and fervently thanked heaven they had nothing to do with children, as a complete bazaar full of things seemed necessary for the outfit of a single infant. How could it be that more articles connected with the proper rigging out of "baby" were not sent? and why! oh why! were there not more purchasers of those useful and dainty things?

I had just completed the first year of my existence, had cut several teeth with singular success, having avoided everything in the nature of fits by letting off steam in continuous kicking and screaming, pronounced at the time an excellent sign of a sound constitution and healthy lungs. I was what is called a fine, promising boy, and from a family point of view satisfied my parents' highest aspirations; had they heard my nurse express herself, as she frequently did, as to "the fractiousness of that screeching babby as has near wore me out," much solemn denunciation of her wicked untruthfulness, and even instant dismissal, would, I feel convinced, have been the immediate result. At the time, then, that I had travelled about a year along the road towards the grave, my mother was in a very weak state of health, and suffered a perfect martyrdom from neuralgia, that subtle and agonizing tormentor of nervous and delicate women. The house we lived in, and in fact the whole town where we were stationed,

was somewhat low-lying and rather damp; a change to higher ground and a more bracing atmosphere had therefore been recommended by the family physician, and my father, having obtained a short leave, was about to take advantage of a long-standing invitation from some friends in Wales, which would afford my mother the desired change, while my father hoped to get some good shooting over a well-preserved manor. Part of the plan, which much distressed my poor mother, was that I, the infant prodigy and sole representative of "the family," was to be left behind to the care of my nurse, in order that the "rest and quiet," so essential to the cure of neuralgia, should be insured by my separation from my too fond parent, who doubtless owed much of the suffering she endured to her constant devotion to my refractory self during the noisy storm of teething.

The time of departure had been arranged so that the travellers should catch a night express at a junction some five or six miles from the garrison town where we were quartered; this distance was to be accomplished in a roomy, close carriage, hired for the occasion from the nearest livery stable. The lateness of the start, I verily believe, had been agreed upon, or at all events acceded to, by my mother with a view to my being asleep at the appointed hour, so that my tender attachment to herself should not receive the rude shock of separation at a time when my weeping and wailing would certainly follow my being left alone in the nest, and find an echo in her heart during her whole absence from home. At the last moment, instructions of the most complicated and intricate nature had to be imparted to nurse; a dietary table, list of forbidden fruit, and programme for the day had to be written out and pinned above the nursery mantleshef, for constant reference and the proper guidance of the guardian of my valuable little person. Need I say that those documents, and the instructions so clearly set forth therein, were as obstinately ignored and consistently neglected as the most minute directions verbally given by the commander-in-chief of my nursery when at home. My nurse, when the missus had gone, was determined, in military parlance, to "stand at ease," and even "fall out," if so inclined.

Portmanteaux, gun cases, hat and bonnet boxes, and indeed boxes of all kinds, were piled upon the fly in lofty confusion, long before my dear mother could be induced to leave—torn from, I believe, was her own expression—her darling fast asleep—little did she suspect, under the influence of a favourite soothing syrup, administered shortly before by faithful nurse, "to stop the squalling o' the young brat," as she meant to be "off duty" as soon as the drum-major—as she disrespectfully calls her mistress—turns her back, and not do any "sentry go" that evening. She is going to meet her own particular "Tommy Atkins," servant to one of the subalterns of the gallant —th, and with him enjoy.

the pleasures of the town, and probably partake of shrimps and ginger beer in his sweet society, or—who knows?—even a glass of port wine and a Bath bun, or such like delicacies, at some “restorong” or another.

II.

WHEN the fly, with its load of boxes, had got fairly on its journey, my father soon discovered that the pace somewhat resembled that of a snail with his shell on his back. The horses—regular old stick-in-the-muds at best—seemed much overweighted with the lumbering carriage and its heavy load of luggage; the road, being of clay and wet, was sticky to the last degree; and the driver seemed to have been behaving very differently from what was becoming in the staunch teetotaler of many years’ standing he stoutly declared himself to be, to the accompaniment of many a naughty word. My father’s peremptory commands to advance issued with sharp military abruptness, and even his attempted eloquence in language scarcely parliamentary, had a slightly sobering effect on the driver, but failed entirely to stimulate the rigid joints and bare-ribbed frames of the worn-out cattle. The result of frequent altercations was to drive my poor mother frantic with pain in her head, and the horses and fly into the station some ten minutes after the express had passed through. More “language” from Jehu, mingled with insulting remarks about “folks keepin’ the ’osses waitin’ ’alf an hour after ’e was all ready to start.” My mother inwardly pleaded guilty to this accusation and, in consequence, tried to soothe the fervour of my father’s wrath; she consoled and congratulated herself on her returning to hover once more over the couch of her sleeping and much-worshipped cherub.

There was nothing for it but to turn round and make the best of the way back; my mother’s head racked by the rattling and jingling of the windows and wheels of the fly, my father much in the condition of a threatening and grumbling volcano. Arrived at last in front of their so recently quitted home, the luggage was soon returned to the house; and while my father was sternly refusing to contribute anything towards the further refreshment of the driver—on what seemed to be a holiday or off-day from teetotalism—my mother entered the hall, to be confronted by a weeping housemaid, who ran up the kitchen stairs to admit her, having just realized the arrival, and had barely time to push Private Jones through the kitchen door into the area. The cause of the weeping not being at all apparent, my mother was naturally much astonished and somewhat alarmed; every effort to get at the cause of this manifestation of grief was only rewarded by the girl becoming more thoroughly dissolved in tears than ever, till my father coming in and demanding to know the

cause of this extraordinary scene, the lachrymose maid managed to sob forth:

"Oh! if you please, mum, cook 'ave gone out with her sergeant, and though nuss said as she were a-goin' out too, and ast me to listen if baby should cry, I heerd her come in agin, but can't find her nowheres in the 'ouse, and the blessed hinfant, if you please, mum, 'aven't cried a mossel since you left, mum!"

My mother and father both rushed upstairs to the nursery, overcome by the housemaid's story, when what was their amazement, nay, horror! to find, not only the nurse absent, but the year-old darling of their hearts vanished, cradle and all! Around lay my little night-clothes, appealing mutely to the rent hearts of my parents; clearly it was no ordinary mischief that the wretched woman—my nurse—was up to, but a premeditated and planned abduction of the vilest kind, and evidently prompted by the most sordid motives.

Further dismay and almost despair overwhelmed my parents, when they discovered drawers and wardrobes thrown wide, the contents in complete confusion and disorder; my best pelisse and other clothes gone, together with some valuable lace belonging to my mother. Apparently, the fiend in human guise meant to sell me, as the child of gentle though unfortunate parents, to some doting couple without child of their own, and who would ask no awkward questions. "Why, oh why!" cried my mother, "was I ever wicked enough to leave my darling to be stolen away and sold like a slave? I shall go mad! I shall go mad!" My father seeing a piece of paper covered with writing near the fireplace, ran to pick it up, thinking it might give some clue to the whereabouts of the runaway and his boy. Alas! it was but the remains of my *menu*, so tenderly prepared by my mother but a short few hours ago, part of which had already been used in lighting the gas.

Further questioning of the housemaid elicited renewed sobs and tears, but little else; all she knew she had told at first, except that she had seen the nurse talking to a soldier, whose face she did not see, in the street, just before she heard her come in. The evident distress and fright of this girl at the disappearance of the child convinced my parents that she spoke the truth, and had no connection with, nor knowledge of, the abstraction of my lost self. This was more and more evidence of the sinister designs on my person of the guilty absentee. Was the soldier with whom she had been seen talking an accomplice? Had he levanted with her and her precious burden? The uniform was the only clue, and that would probably not remain long unchanged, for who knew what disguise! Where! oh where, could they have gone?

My mother, weeping and fainting by turns, is left to the care of the almost equally tearful maid, while my father hurries off first

to the barracks, where, with the aid of his soldier servant, he hunts every nook and cranny of the quarters of both men and officers; the latter are all absent at an entertainment, given in a hall in the town, hired for the purpose, where proceedings are to wind up with a ball, and to which they have invited a number of residents in the neighbourhood. This entertainment and ball my father remembered when he reached the barracks, as he and my mother were to have taken an active part in the festivities, and, but for my mother's illness, would have been there at that moment. He saw now, that as a large contingent of the men, officers' servants, and others, would be taken down to assist in the arrangements, act as doorkeepers, &c., how this night, of all others, would be selected as an opportunity for deserting by a clever villain, especially if he had the assistance of a woman who could procure clothes for purposes of disguise, such, for instance, as his own wardrobe might afford. Home again he rushes, frightening my poor mother afresh, as she runs to the door hoping for tidings of her lost darling, to throw open every drawer and cupboard; nothing is missing, but she must have hunted out some old clothes he had forgotten, or thought he had given away, fearing that newer things might be recognized or more easily remembered and described.

Off again, this time to the railway station, where porters and station master had seen several women with children during the course of the evening, but not knowing his nurse, had not, of course, recognized her; had not noticed any child exceptionally well dressed, or smothered in valuable lace, of which they were no judges. Many soldiers had likewise been on the platform, but were not particularly noticed as accompanying females carrying handsome boys; nobody in uniform had gone by rail that evening, or the booking clerk would have observed the fact. He *must* have been disguised, but inquiry failed to discover whether a man had taken two tickets, and who was accompanied by a woman and child; "woman and child would naturally wait on the platform while tickets were being taken by any man who was with them," the clerk said.

On to the police office, where a full, true, and particular description of the delinquent nurse and her frail charge are duly taken down in writing by the inspector on duty, with the additional information, "probably accompanied by soldier of —th, in or out of uniform; to be confirmed, and name given, after roll-call to-morrow." The only information gained at the police station is that the policeman on the beat will probably know the nurse, by sight at all events, and a man shall be sent to cross-question him forthwith.

Back to the house my father wends his weary way, no news of nurse or child. My mother, by this time, being quite hysterical, my father goes sadly out to fetch the doctor. On his return he

finds that cook has just come in, and after considerable fencing with the questions my mother has been able to put to her, has begun to sob violently; evidently she is not entirely ignorant as to the whereabouts of baby, and my father is about to open upon her in "real earnest," as our American cousins say, when a peal is heard from the front-door bell, and enter nurse, baby, cradle, and all! My mother made an effort to reach her lost child, but swooned on the way in her husband's arms. Then began, dear reader, such a scene as is neither frequent in a well-ordered household nor easily described. Every one lost their heads and tempers simultaneously, tongues worked rapidly, furiously, continuously, but by no means harmoniously.

"Where have you been with my child?" roars my father.

"You had better ask Lieutenant Murray; indeed it weren't my fault, sir; 'e would 'ave the loan of the blessed baby for his show."

"What! are you drunk or mad? What has Lieutenant Murray to do with my son, and at this time of night?"

"Go and ask him, and don't keep a-shouting at me as if you'd got the toothache!" was the impudent rejoinder, prompted, no doubt, by the insinuation about being drunk and the guilty consciousness of several glasses of negus to which she had been treated. After this, further attempts to get at the cause of my absence from the parental roof-tree, with my nurse, only elicited impertinence from the latter, till she was peremptorily ordered to leave the house.

III.

WHERE, think you, dear reader, had I been during all this terrible time of anxiety and temporary insanity on the part of my parents? Why, I had been making my first appearance on the stage, before a very intelligent and appreciative audience, and received rounds of applause and the most flattering sympathy and attention.

I must now explain that the entertainment to be given by the officers of the —th on this eventful evening, of which I have before made mention, included an amateur performance of a drawing-room drama, in which Lieutenant Murray was to enact the part of an interesting and fascinating widow, mother of a lovely infant, the posthumous offspring and sole heir of the late Sir Giles de Jasper. At first it was intended that an empty basinette with a bundle of clothing was to do duty in the scene where the mother was occupied in watching the slumbers of the infant baronet. Difficulties arose about the borrowing of the necessary article of furniture for stage use, and a "happy thought" occurring to Lieutenant Murray that my parents owned a baby, and therefore doubtless a cradle of some sort, quite a "knowing wrinkle" suggested itself to his mind, that as the captain and his

wife would be absent from home, why not borrow baby as well, and so give additional *vraisemblance* to the scene and secure an extra share of applause to himself. No sooner had this "rare tip" enlightened the gloom of Lieutenant Murray's thoughts, than he immediately set about putting his plan into action. He distinctly remembered coming upon his servant walking out with my nurse Betsy on a fine Sunday evening some time before, so he forthwith summoned this useful functionary and at once began :

"I believe, Wilkins, you know Captain Dolby's nursemaid?"

"Yessir," was the prompt reply.

"Now, I want you to see if you can persuade her to let us have the loan of the baby's cradle for to-night's performance, and as the baby can scarcely sleep without his cradle, she might as well bring him down to the hall with it, and we could bring him on the stage, just for a minute or two, without disturbing him in the least; if he is asleep so much the better. Now, not a word of all this to any one—any one, do you understand, Wilkins?—as it is my own idea, and I want to create a bit of a surprise. None of the —th must know whose child I have got, or it will get to the captain's ears, and then there will be the devil to pay. I will give you money for a cab, and you must manage to smuggle the nurse and child into and out of the hall again without any one seeing them.

Wilkins tried to enter a mild protest, urging the difficulties of the task, and the danger of serious consequences to the girl if the escapade should ever reach Captain Dolby's ears. His master, however, calmed his fears, and talked down all opposition to his pet project. Wilkins then betook himself in due time to meet Betsy according to previous arrangement, as I have before indicated, and at once opened on the confidential scheme intrusted to him by his master. At first Betsy uncompromisingly refused to have act or part in the subtle device, declaring loudly:

"That no child as she had ever heerd on was that wushupped, spoiled, and made of as that there Dolby hinfant;" and added, to the sympathetic ears of Wilkins: "I do believe as the Prince o' Wales's nuss was not worrited by the Queen o' Hengland in the way as I have been by Mrs. Dolby. Why, I'm treated as if the young brat was the great Nawab himself and I was one o' his niggers; it ain't fit service for a Christian white woman."

Wilkins' arguments and persuasion would probably have met with little success had not Lieutenant Murray at that very moment passed, quite by accident, of course, on his way to the hall and added the weight of a cheerful and encouraging sentence or two, and the even more tangible weight of a golden argument. From that moment nurse Betsy was one of the conspirators; she hastened home to array me in my best finery, and slipping quietly out of the house, to avoid being seen or heard by the housemaid, was soon in a cab at the end of the terrace with Private Wilkins,

on her way to the "halls of dazzling light." By the time we had arrived at our destination I had resumed my rudely disturbed dreams, and was quietly taken to a small back room to await the call boy, and where nurse beguiled her time with the consumption of negus, which Lieutenant Murray sent by Wilkins for her special refreshment, rightly judging that if strong and sweet it would act as a powerful antidote to any qualms of conscience or fears of ulterior consequences. She was soon as merry as a cricket, and had begun to take a real interest in the success of the evening's exploit.

At length the scene arrived, where the curtain was to rise disclosing Lieutenant Murray as the charming widow, hanging over the cradle containing the young *débutant* in the part of sleeping innocence.

Nurse was carefully kept in the background as a precaution against my identity being discovered, so Wilkins deposited me in my cradle, very gingerly, on the stage in a position where I should be in view, but protected as much as possible from draughts. When the foot-lights were turned on and the curtain rose, I must have felt that the situation was not one in which I could, with due credit to myself and civility to the attentive audience, remain silent, so I began to crow lustily, which had the effect of bringing down the house with a torrent of applause, and likewise of much discomposing the expression suitable to my stage mother in her widowed condition. She began to rock the cradle violently, as the applause had caused an ominous gloom to overspread my hitherto beaming countenance. The rocking and the frantic applause which followed this very natural effort of the mother to soothe her infant treasure immediately caused the gathering clouds to dissolve themselves in a shower, or rather downpour of portentous magnitude. I further resented, with stentorian voice and convulsive kicks, the attempt on the part of Lieutenant Murray to lift me, which he did, like all young men, as if I had a tendency to come to pieces on being handled. This complete taking possession of the house by myself resulted in Wilkins being obliged to carry me to the little back room, where my nurse soon silenced and then calmed me to sleep with the aid of another dose of the invaluable soothing syrup. My appearance on the stage, and my performance there, though amusing enough features in themselves, robbed the piece of all interest, and the audience appearing restless, it was decided to curtail this part of the entertainment, and so dancing was commenced sooner than had been intended.

Now that I was fast asleep again, the nurse slipped out and watched the dancing from a side door for several hours, which accounted for her late return home. The consequences of her share in the transaction are already known to the reader, nor could all the pleading of Lieutenant Murray induce my mother to

intrust again my precious little carcass to the care of "that thief of a woman," as she insisted on calling the nurse. Lieutenant Murray, although heavily punished by the failure of the play, and the fiasco and ridicule which resulted from his "happy thought," did not escape my mother's scathing accusation of the lack of every feeling of humanity supposed to distinguish the conduct of civilized races. I question if she has ever quite forgiven him his share in the suffering and fright my temporary abduction caused, although he has since married her sister and proved himself an excellent husband and fond parent. My father could never be brought to see any humorous side to a stupid freak which had caused so much pain and anxiety. It will be seen from the foregoing narrative that "my first appearance on any stage," though creating a great sensation in more ways than one, was far from a success.

LOVE'S HARMONY.

SLOW glide the hours. All pleasure is but pain.
Dim is the sunlight on the upland hill,
And cold the fiercest glow of summer's prime
 Until we meet again.
Speak then, dear heart, speak but one gentle word
And bid me hasten to thy side at last,
That so the future lost in vague sweet hope,
 Blot out the troublous past.

Clear came a voice from out the silent wood—
Deep in my soul its perfect harmony
Sank like the echo of an ancient chime,
 Hallow'd to memory.
Nearer it came—and then as in a dream,
My Love and I once more together stand
Where troublous past and smiling future meet
 For ever hand in hand.
While from the upland hill a gleam of light
Breaks thro' the dusky gloom of dreary night,
And mystic murmurs trembling soft above,
 Low mingle in the new-born song of Love.
EDITH PRINCE.

AN UGLY MUG.

CHAPTER I.

"WHY, you are the ugliest mug in your mother's china shop!" It was an old friend of my father's who thus gave his opinion of me.

Such a verdict! There were ten of us Seymour girls; five of us were very ordinary as to looks, and five of us were beauties. I, Effie, was always considered the beauty of the beauties.

The speech came back upon my memory one afternoon as I lay at ease upon a stack of sweet-scented hay, and it pleased me no better then than it did the day it was uttered, more than two years ago, when I was but fifteen years old.

"Perhaps," I thought wistfully, "I was out at elbows, like most overgrown school girls; but no," with happy and assured conceit, "I never could have looked 'gawky,' or had a really ugly age."

If the man who had so deeply offended my *amour propre* had been a mere country clodhopper, like the squires hereabout, it is probable that his words would have been forgotten long ago; but I was well aware that Major Chambers was one who loved beauty, and really understood it, so, coming from him, the words stayed in my memory and stung me.

There lay I, my straw sailor hat comfortably tipped over my pert, *retroussé* nose, about the only shade from the rays of the sun with which I had troubled to provide myself. I was a perfect salamander, every one used to say.

How nice it was to lie listening to all the sounds of village life, away there in the distance, to be for once of the living yet not among them! Not that I as a rule loved solitude. On the contrary, I had begun to feel uncommonly tired of the quiet life we led at the Manor House, near Ashbury, where I was on a long visit to my three aunts; two of whom were cranky, croaky virgins; the third, a married woman, dependent with her husband, more or less, on the maiden sisters' bounty.

Within a radius of eight miles there was not another house containing "the gentry," as the simply-spoken village folk called us. True, there were the usual run of gentlemen farmers round about at rare distances; but my aunts were nothing if not exclusive, so during the three weeks I had already passed with them, out of the two months' visit for which I was staying, literally nothing had come to disturb the even tenor of our way.

The greatest hilarity at lunch, for instance, would be the advent of a wasp, probably chased from table to window by Aunt Sarah, and there done to death; while the other maiden, Emma, would glare rigidly before her and gently cough, as though to remind dear Sarah that any extreme haste was quite indecorous in a lady of her age and status.

My uncle by marriage used certainly to minister to my mirth, though he, poor simple heart, was the only one for whom I felt any great interest in that wide, empty house. He was a very small man, with a delicate eager face, adorned with mutton-chop whiskers inclining to gray.

He had been unfortunate in speculation some ten years back, hence his dependent position.

I think as regards his stature that he looked less than his size, from the fact that he was so over-topped by his huge wife.

Small men seem to me to be often endowed with a vast courage, denied to larger creatures of their kind. They so usually marry the Gorgon of the family.

How much better mated had he been with either of the maiden sisters; for they, though acid by nature, had the forms of pocket Venuses, in comparison with Mrs. William Durham.

As things stood, it inspired even me with dread to hear her say in tones not to be denied:

"William, come here; I will have your arm." I used to catch myself watching for his speedy collapse under that giant weight. It seemed so far more natural that he should have leaned upon her.

Yet theirs had been, goodness knows how many years ago, a love match; since when, I used to think, both of them must have grown in opposite directions, he earthwards, and she, though not heavenwards in one sense, still higher and larger.

The three aunts evidently thought he had softening of the brain, he was always so palpably ignored, while to an unobservant eye he always appeared filled with admiration as to his wife's cleverness.

"Wonderful woman, your aunt!" he would say, sidling up to me crabwise; "her brain power—prodigious!"

"Prodigious woman, altogether," thought I, though of course I did not say so.

That very afternoon the latter part of which had found me on my haystack, the arrival at a shooting box not a mile up the road of Major Chambers and his son, having been discussed by my aunts at luncheon, had made the speech of the father ring again on my ear; and I, with the unwisdom of youth, was eager for the fray, and ready to be extremely uncivil to the innocent son, and the offending parent, too, if I dared. They were expected that day, about five o'clock, and my youngest aunt, Sarah, had

impressed upon me the necessity of my return to the house about that hour.

The time, however, had gone past and I was still upon my hay, in a rumpled-up frock which had not been improved by raids on raspberry and currant bushes.

I turned it over in my mind whether I would obey at all, or if I did go in whether I would not appear in my soiled raiment, and give the delicate organization of Major Chambers another and more cruel shock.

But the thought of Aunt Emma's withering look of disapproval, together with a frightful noise she had the habit of making when annoyed—impossible to describe on paper, but caused by the set teeth and drawn-back muscles of her mouth, combined with a long intake of breath—decided me.

"Death or victory!" I cried, hoyden that I was, as I tumbled off my hay and rushed into the house, avoiding the windows looking out upon the grounds, and in such haste that I very nearly overturned the one venerable indoor man-servant of which the Manor House could boast as he stood just without his pantry, giving a final polish to his well-rubbed silver.

"Oh my, Miss Effie," quoth Griggs reproachfully, "I'm none so strong as I was, and you come along like a young tempest."

"Oh! never mind, Griggs—good Griggs," in haste from me. "Have they come? Now do not say, 'Who come, Miss?' just to keep me waiting."

"You've no call, Miss Effie," said Griggs, carefully re-wiping the last spoon after admiring his own visage in it both length and breadth ways, "to say I am fain to tell lies; if I say there is company here, why there is; if I say 'no,' why so it is. To answer your question now, Miss ——"

"Well," eagerly from me.

"You did not give me time, Miss, and I said never a word either way."

"Griggs," I cried stamping, "you have been drinking. Have my aunts any one in the drawing-room?"

"Major Chambers, Miss, and Mr. Basil Chambers," with a cold, derisive glance at my untidiness, as if to say, "You'd never enter that sacred room in such a state."

Griggs always reminded me of the ugliest of gargoyles over ancient church doors. Venerable servants in a humdrum household always are antagonistic to a rising generation.

He gravely held the red baize door leading into the hall, as though to intimate that young ladies should remember to which side of the house they belonged, and never invade servants' premises, and I passed through it and up the stairs, taking as many at a bound as my lithe young limbs allowed. Arrived in my room I quickly donned a fresh and neatly-made lavender muslin, out of which my bright carnation cheeks made a vivid spot of colour.

As my hand touched the drawing-room door I felt a regret that I had not worn something to my mind more "grown up," and in which, to use my own slang expression, I should have felt more capable, if necessary, of "sitting upon them," that is to say, of impressing my overpowering dignity upon both father and son. I did not feel very dignified as I walked down the length of the old and darkened room, at the far end of which the party were all sitting, and where Aunt Emma presented me to the newly arrived.

After which I subsided into a seat, and whilst sipping my cup of boiling tea, and wishing it were but anything else that scorching day, and thinking that iced lemonade would be worth in reality more than its fluid weight in gold, I suddenly had my attention diverted by a cold glare from the Gorgon, directed at poor Uncle William, who on meeting her eyes immediately tipped his cup till the liquid it contained dribbled over to the satin cushion, and from thence with a splash fell to the Turkey rug between his feet.

"My dear?" in a shaky voice, and righting the cup in a hurry.

"I did not speak," from the Gorgon, whose face had now become stony enough to be a treasure to any geologist.

"I thought——" murmured the hapless little man getting hotter and hotter, and spilling more tea.

"And I thought," quoth his bigger half, "that you had an engagement about those osier beds! Come, you have no time to lose."

"My dear," said he, putting down his cup in haste, the contents of which he certainly had not tasted, "so I have—you remind me—I am off—I am off like a shot." Which usually meant that he remained quite ten minutes or so, repeating his last words, whilst he gently rubbed the back of one hand caressingly with the palm of the other, and not leaving till an access of wrath and sarcasm from the three sisters fell upon his devoted head.

In the present instance I think he was glad to get away so that he only said it once more and really did go. Then my eyes fell on Aunt Sarah, who by far the most juvenile, in manner at least, of these three graces, was almost if not quite flirting with Major Chambers.

"A really fine face his," I thought; "I must move a little in a moment and have a look at the son."

He was sitting so far at the side of me in the shadow that I even began lazily to think if my curiosity would be sufficiently recompensed for turning on this hot day, when his chair was suddenly drawn up level with my own, and "Delightful custom afternoon tea, Miss Seymour," was said in my ear.

"Really," said I rather superciliously, "I thought London men always called it 'cat-lap,' and enjoyed B. and S. at their clubs at five o'clock."

"You do men a cruel injustice, even London men, I assure you,"

with a frank laugh which made his father look up from under his beetling brows as though to say, "So you have got a word out of that brown-faced chit at last;" but of course that was my own idea solely. I had heard these two men made the whole world for one another, and were more like old chosen friends than aught else.

The son just under thirty, the father at the outside not fifty-three, and a widower. Both fine, well set up men-about-town in appearance, with the preference given to Mr. Chambers, in that the sarcastic lines apparent in both faces were in him fined down and softened by a tenderness which did not show itself in the major's face.

Then the father, freeing himself by a mighty effort from the fascinations of Aunt Sarah, who was in very truth more of a witch than he guessed, proposed a walk around the grounds, of the improvements in which he declared he had seen nothing since his last visit there three years back.

"Just a year, you monster," thought I, "before you made that rude speech to me."

CHAPTER II.

"You and my father have met before?" asked my companion, as we followed the others out of the French window, and as though pursuing my thought.

"Yes," candidly, "once of course at my christening, as he is my godfather. And once two years back; but really we did not get on particularly well on either occasion."

"Not?" quizzically, as who should say, The fault must have been yours, you unruly-looking child. "Why, my father is absolutely an angel; a ringdove is a veritable fiend in comparison with him."

"He may be all that to you," viciously, and, like the goose that I was, with my heart upon my sleeve; "but I can assure you he was absolutely insulting to me."

"Good heavens!" from his son; "what deed can my unfortunate parent have perpetrated, or what have said, that he should be thus accused?" raising his voice so high at the last word that the Gorgon and Aunt Sarah, who came next in the procession, turned in wonder as to what topic we might possibly have reached.

"Ah!" mischievously as he saw my face of dismay, "so the aunts do not know of your passage of arms with my revered father? Now will you tell me his offence, or shall I find it out from the dad himself?"

"Absurd!" murmured I, reaching for a white rose hanging high overhead; "he would not even remember it. It was nothing—and it was *years* ago."

"Two years ago last June my father was in Shropshire,"

corrected Basil, breaking the rose from amid its fellows for me. "I remember he said he had had the felicity of seeing your father and his ten olive branches, who taken collectively were a lovely set."

"Taken individually, then, he thought us remarkably the other thing," I said angrily; "for he told me I was the ugliest of the whole crew."

"What!" in horror, "it is not possible. Oh, you *must* be joking; my father is most awfully civil, always, but to say that—, and to you of all others. Why, witness this afternoon; don't you think the dear old fellow would rather be in my shoes than leading the van with your aunt? Yet see how jolly he looks," nodding to where his father's shapely head might be seen in close proximity to the staid Emma's semi-fawn, semi-grey, dye-experimented, head-piece.

My best wish for him at that moment was that he might be tied to my aunt for life, and so be well punished for that one careless speech; but even as the thought came and went, another struck me that I was already on too familiar terms with Mr. Basil Chambers.

So I drew myself up with dignity, and the path here widening out, two of the aunts stopped at a gate, while we joined the Major and Aunt Sarah, and walked all four abreast over the daisy-besprinkled meadows. Coming to a little coppice, I had again, however, to fall back on my cavalier, on account of the narrowness of the path between the fir trees, and he instantly took the topic up where we had dropped it.

"Now do tell me, Miss Seymour; did my father really say such an awful thing? It really is utterly unlike him."

"He said something very much worse and far more vulgar," said I; "but I should hate him to know I had even given it a thought."

"I vow," he persisted eagerly, "that I will not even mention what you say if you will but tell me. It is such a new and delightful thing for the dear dad to put his foot into such a hole. Now I, on the other hand, am always in some scrape. Well?"

"I was just home from school at Coblenz," I answered fretfully, "and my father, after introducing me to yours, said playfully, 'This, Chambers, is the flower of our little flock;' whereupon Major Chambers put his fingers under my chin and looking critically at me exclaimed, 'Why, you are the ugliest mug in your mother's china shop.' And, really, you know——"

"And really," Basil Chambers continued for me, amid a burst of exasperating laughter, "you mean our own family physiognomy is not so utterly correct that he can afford to criticize with any sense of propriety other people's—mugs, eh?"

"I did not say that," vexedly from me, for I had no wish to quarrel with young Chambers after all.

"I am quite sure," said this son of a fascinating father, "that you'd never be so cruel as to visit the sins of parents on their un-offending posterity, so you and I at least must be good friends."

And really, when we had gone the rounds and got back to the house, in front of which we found a tandem trap from Coxhill awaiting the two men, it was with unfeigned regret that he and I parted until the following day, for which my aunts had accepted an invitation to luncheon and to look over their bachelor's box, which by the twelfth would be full of their men friends. The next day broke fresh and fair, with a blue sky, flecked here and there with the white feathery clouds one loves to see if a day's pleasure is in prospect. I was up soon after seven, and away in the fields, where the hard-toiling labourers had been at work since five of the clock.

The stolidity of the country folk round about us appeared to me quite unsurpassed.

As at breakfast time I passed near the house, my hands full of plunder from the hedges, of ox-eyed daisies and simplest wood anemones, I saw one of the gardeners hard at work by his potting shed.

His wife had just come out of a serious illness, and while stopping to ask how she did, I said she at least ought to be spared any extra labour, and stay quietly at home with her bairns, for I heard he had been trying to procure for her the place at the Manor House left vacant by the cook's marriage.

He listened quietly, but at the end merely touched his cap and said, "Oh, the woman must work, Miss, whatever."

I had made no impression on him in behalf of his poor helpmeet.

He had a lodge rent free, and good wages; but I heard at breakfast that he was a Welshman, which to my mind accounted for his eager desire to get all that lay within, or indeed, where feasible, beyond his grasp. For money-getting, crafty men, of hitherto unsounded depths of meanness of character, commend me to some Welshmen.

Before midday we were on our way to Cox Hill, a bare little box of a place, but large enough to house a comfortable number for shooting. There was a good tennis level, with one or two good trees. Under their shade Major Chambers reclined in a long low chair, which to an observant eye looked infinitely more cosy than any one of the other seats, placed near a rustic table on which were the most delightfully refreshing draughts, iced ready for our parched and thirsty throats. I think the Major saw the envious eyes I cast at his low tennis seat.

"Do you like very low chairs, Miss Seymour?" courteously jumping up to offer his own pet lounge. "Do try it; I had it specially designed; you will find it so comfortable. Ah!—" for I had certainly allowed for its being a very low seat, but hardly

enough, it appeared, for horror and indignation covered me as I sank down with a most inelegant bump, which placed the netting on the very ground, and then it seemed to spring up three or four inches, whilst the arms closed over me, preventing my escape, though I struggled like an eel, and without a doubt looked unutterably foolish. The son rushed to my assistance, and in a moment I was extricated, while Major Chambers, with not the ghost of a smile, protested I should really like the chair on a further acquaintance, but added teasingly, "If young ladies will bounce into seats of that description, a horrible catastrophe is sure to follow."

"Never again," I thought; "all 'things are not what they seem.'"

I did not like him a bit the better for that little episode, you may be sure; he ought at least to have cautioned me.

Basil and I, however, got on like a house on fire. We became quite confidential.

I think he rather felt for me in regard to my life as passed at the Manor House. I am afraid, during the course of the afternoon, that we even discussed the life the Gorgon led poor Uncle William.

"By Jove!" said Basil in confidence to me, "I should never have given the old boy credit for such sagacity; but he had a very pretty woman walking with him yesterday. We drove past them, you know, as he returned from the osier beds."

"Osier beds!" derisively, "my aunt is always fancying engagements for him; but the idea that Uncle Will should talk to any one outside his gates is too absurd. You do not know my aunt; she would lock him up, I do believe. You must be mistaken."

"No mistake at all; but what a funny couple they are! He does look awfully led by the nose, poor beggar."

"You may well say so; why, his very clothes, for the most part, are made by the housemaid; and he is made to eat salt butter, whilst fresh is upon the table. 'William,' my aunt will say, 'you know you *prefer* salt butter;' or, 'William, you do *not* drink port;' or perhaps, 'William, so and so is bad for you; Griggs, remove your master's plate,' just after he has helped himself plentifully to something the poor dear fancies."

"Ye gods, is it possible! 'To what base uses are we fallen.' By the by, I really and truly noticed a great, a very great, family resemblance in you to the Gorgon when you tried to mimic the awe-inspiring tones of Mrs. William."

"Horrid!" cried I, jumping up from my grassy seat, "you and your father are abominably personal."

"Oh! come now," from Basil, "you really do malign my father. I asked him, driving back yesterday, if your sisters were all as pretty as you are; he answered, 'By no means,' but that two years ago you were a most horridly spoilt and conceited little girl, and needed no end of snubbing, so I gather that he said in fun, and

to nettle you, what you took in sad and sober earnest. Shall I ask him?"

"If you do," I said threateningly, and really going this time, "understand, I will never forgive you—traitor!"

CHAPTER III.

THESE days were but the first of many a meeting; a fortnight passed, and I had begun to tease Basil by telling him he was certainly destined to find a stepmother in Aunt Sarah, or we should never see so much of them. "I am not afraid of that," he assured me; "but I am getting horribly jealous of my father, I allow."

"How is that?" I asked "are you entering my aunt's lists also?"

"You know what I mean," he answered, "you little puss, fencing like that; you and my father get on swimmingly now, only just because I appeased your vanity, little wretch."

"A beautiful wretch, if you please," said I, conceitedly tossing my head.

"Well," regarding me with critical eyes, "if you will have it so you must, though of course it never struck me in that light before; however, we will leave it so, if you will allow that you do care for me a wee bit more than you did for my father when we first arrived. Eh, my darling?"

From which it may be gathered that we had become pretty intimate and that it was indeed a mere question of days as to when our engagement should be formally declared.

The aunts' congratulations were quite characteristic.

Aunt Sarah gushed effusively; I am sure she quite intended to be my step-mamma-in-law.

The Gorgon said that people who became affianced after a three-weeks' acquaintance did not usually take long before breaking off the contract.

Aunt Emma looked sour, and asked me whether she was to condole with or congratulate me? To which I replied pertly that to me it was a matter of the purest indifference; did she expect me to wait for a duke?

Uncle Will wrung my lover's hand, and whilst the tears brimmed in his kind eyes, said I was a dear girl and sure to make Basil happy.

He seemed to think the one drawback to our marriage lay in the existence of my woeful number of sisters.

"I assure you," he told Basil privately and as gravely as a judge, or rather, more with the gravity of the prisoner who is already fitted with his own halter—"I assure you, you will find a wife's relatives *no joke*. Mine has only two sisters, yet pity me! yours, my dear fellow, will have nine, and," the little man wound up

oracularly, "kissing a wife's sisters is like eating veal without ham."

And then came the twelfth—Basil quite deserted the shooting parties, whilst he declared he did not miss them one bit, and I think if a good shot and a true sportsman will give up his gun with never a sigh, he must be a very ardent lover indeed, do not you?

The golden summer days, happy days, passed languorously away, and I returned home to the bosom of my family for the last time as Miss Seymour. I had a whole delightful month of trousseau-buying, and then chill November saw me united to the son of the author of my childish grievance. The three aunts arrived for the wedding, and, as a male adjunct, Uncle William. I think Aunt Sarah still thought Major Chambers a likely bird to be brought down by her unerring aim. I mentioned as much to Basil that last week at home.

"Thank God, no," he said, "my dear dad buried all that in my mother's grave," and he reverently raised his hat.

"My dear little woman," Major Chambers had said to me, "I am more than happy that Basil has set his affections upon one who is, I believe, *quite* worthy of them. That is my highest praise, and this, my pet, a humble offering from the only man, probably, who never paid you a compliment," presenting a leather case which proved to contain some lovely jewels of his dead wife's.

"I shall value your flattery all the more, sir, when I do receive it," said I pertly; and thus he made me happy, and the deadly breach was filled.

The wedding went off with less painful excitement than usually attends such ceremonies.

I detest a bride who weeps copiously and has too evidently been well watered with the family tears, and the last glimpse of whom is a limp figure, with over-brimming eyes and a red nose.

Such a poor compliment to the man of her choice, I always think; so my sisters, six of whom were to be my bridesmaids, were forbidden to drop one tear to the memory of my maiden existence under dread of my eternal disfavour.

The breakfast began by being dreary, but ended in hilarity, the girls getting much fun out of the Gorgon and her little ways with her lord and master.

"Does she always go on like this?" said Amy to me, who had never before been at close quarters with this masterful woman.

She was harder upon him than ever, even I noticed, preoccupied as I was. In the few moments that found me disengaged at one end of the long drawing-room, Uncle Will pressed forward eagerly, and took both my hands.

"God bless you, my dear, wherever you may be; and though we may never meet again," he said in sudden jerks, "do not forget me quite, Effie; I am not so foolish and wrong-hearted as I am

made out. No one is, my dear; no one is. Avoid your first quarrel; believe me, a continual dropping wears away a stone, even a stone. . . ."

He stopped spasmodically, like a clock that has been suddenly relieved of its pendulum, for, with a lowering brow, there close at hand stood the Gorgon.

"Perhaps you will not monopolize the attention of the person of greatest importance to-day any longer, William," in her most acid tones, and with emphasis as to its being my first and last appearance as a person of importance.

"Certainly not, my dear," with a real shiver; "I am off—like a shot."

"Dear Uncle Will," said I, detaining him, "I hope we shall meet again very soon. Promise you will come and stay with us in town next spring."

"Such nonsense," growled my aunt; "one would think we were all going to live at the four corners of the earth." Then came the leave-taking, always painful; but my worst difficulty was a ludicrous one, and lay with the clergyman who had married us.

A Low Churchman of an advanced type, he was one of whom I stood considerably in awe, although I knew him but slightly, and he looked so grim that I felt nervously impelled to be extra polite, and it is still a standing joke with Basil and among my sisters against me that I actually tendered him warm thanks for having successfully performed the ceremony which made us one.

Of course that was a base exaggeration on their part.

We little thought as, amongst those who crowded the doorway and terrace to see us drive away, we saw the kind face of Uncle Will, how we should never feel his warm hand clasp or know his affectionate greeting again.

For a week later a terrible thing occurred, the tidings of which saddened all my pleasure trip, away under blue and foreign skies with Basil.

The floods had been out in the lower-lying ground about Ashbury that damp November. Uncle Will, out with his retrievers one late afternoon, had heard a child's shrill cry of terror, and, so it was thought afterwards, he had scrambled over a hedge, and found as he expected a small child of three years above its waist in the cold grey waters, too terrified to make for land, where no help stood, but only two or three other children, as frightened and as small as itself. The yielding, boggy land every instant gave way under the little feet, and, alas! under the firmer ones speeding to their help!

Uncle Will was found hours later, a sad wound behind his ear, lying beyond the water on the chill, damp field.

The dogs had saved the babe, and drawn their master out on to the bank. They could do nothing then but stay by him

and howl in their frantic distress for him whom they loved. Labourers came and the worst was soon known.

His heavy fall, on a jagged piece of rock, must have rendered him lastingly unconscious, if it had not killed him instantly, medical authority said. He was laid in a quiet grave, in the tiny churchyard at Ashbury, a grave kept bright with flowers by many loving village hands, who had received goodness from his own, and visited by Mrs. William, with more tender feeling for the dead than she had ever vouchsafed to the living.

Alas! it is they alone who need our care. It is Washington Irving who said most truly of the grave, that "it buries every error—extinguishes every resentment—covers every defect. From its peaceful bosom spring none but fond regrets, and tender recollections. then be sure that every unkind look, every ungracious word, every ungentle action, will come thronging back upon thy memory, and knocking dolefully at thy soul, then be sure that thou wilt lie down sorrowing and repentant on the grave, and utter the unheard groan, and pour the unavailing tear—more deep, more bitter, because unheard, and unavailing."

RIRETTE—A SOUVENIR.

Auf die Bergen will ich steigen,
Wo die dunkeln Tannen ragen,
Bäche rauschen, Vögeln singen,
Und die stolzen Wolken jagen.

HEINE.

I COULD but look into thy laughing eyes,
My sweet Rirette,
But dare not tell thee what thou must have read,
When our eyes met.

But oft I thought as by thy side I walked :
"O blue-eyed fay !
Did I but tell thee that I loved, who knows
What thou wouldst say ? "*

Such days we had all free from storm and ill,
They come so rare ;
To gentle hearts their souvenir becomes
So sweet and fair.

O ! to delay them for the happy ones,
To taste awhile
The music of the voice, the bliss of looks,
The loved one's smile !

I'd wandered far o'er mount and vale and flood,
Their glories seen
But with a heedless eye, all had to me
Indifferent been,

* " Si je vous disais, pourtant, que je vous aime,
Qui sait, O brune aux yeux bleus, ce que vous en diriez ? "

A. DE MUSSET.

Till joining with a merry roving band
Of happy youth,
Light-hearted joy drove from me fretting care,
And taught this truth :

That nature with her honest healthy face
And sweet fresh breath,
Her ruddy lips and glowing cheeks, hates care
Like sin or death.

Meek-eyed content and joy with ready laugh
Lead on our band,
But at our side unseen stole love, and ah !
With magic wand

He touched the varied scenes of mountain path
And balmy pine,
Of lake with lateen sail and gay trimmed bark
In warm sunshine.

And beauties I had never seen before,
I then saw there ;
And I had ne'er thought life so sweet nor found
The world so fair.

Say, dost thou visit in thy dreams again
The tour we made
Across the arid Gemmi's winding steep,
And where we stayed

The night in the rude inn at Bunderbach,
A night of rain ;
And first together stood and watched the rain
Beat 'gainst the pane ?

Spite storm and mist and rain and flying cloud,
I ne'er have passed
A happier evening, no, nor shall I while
Life's evenings last.

Or where we sat and heard the Giessbach fall,
In the dark night,
And saw, like some strange scene from Eastern tale,
The witching sight

The waters gave when from the obscure height,
 In colours bright,
They sudden dashed below, and rushed and roared
 In magic light.

At Gullannen, at eve among the huts
 I with thee roved,
And ah! too soon the night had veiled the face
 Of her I loved.

And then across the Grimsel in the grey
 Of early day,
’Twas more than sweetest chance brought us together
 On the way.

Dost call to mind the breeze wet with the spray
 Of mountain beck;
And the fierce beauty of the echoing falls
 Of wild Handeck?

And how (O sweet solicitude!) I near
 Thee ever did stand,
And part it was to aid and part from love
 I took thy hand.

And ever thought, thus walking by thy side :
 “ O blue-eyed fay !
Did I but tell thee that I loved, who knows
 What thou wouldst say ? ”

Near the Rhone Gletscher grew a spray of sweet
 Forget-me-not ;
I thought ’twas love alone had made it grow
 In that wild spot.

I plucked it, and I gave it thee, and thus,
 My sweet Rirette,
Tho’ fearing yet, I told thee what thou read
 When our eyes met.

"THE POOR GOVERNESS"—HER CASE STATED.

"THEY have children at their desire and leave the rest of their substance to their babes;" so says the Psalmist of the manners and economy of his day. Part of this piece of history will repeat itself as long as the world stands, but as to the habit of bequeathing any substance to help through the world those whom, *volens volens*, they had brought into it, David would have found that fathers are by no means so careful in these days. For wealth in patriarchal times consisted in something permanent and tangible, as flocks and herds, very unlike shares, scrip and omnium, a species of property which is far more apt to take to itself wings and to fly away. The simple herdsmen of those days could not pass away a fortune in an unguarded hour by a scratch of a pen, or carry it all in a slip of paper in their waistcoat pockets. But however it happens that there is no "substance for the babes," whether the misfortune arises from waste or speculation, though bad enough in the case of sons, it is truly lamentable with daughters, their necessities being so much greater and their means of helping themselves so much less. Hence the frequent appeal to our sympathies for "poor governesses" and "poor companions." A sad vision at once rises before our minds of an elegant lady snubbed by the mistress, insulted by the servants, and tormented by unruly brats: or, in the other case, existing at the mercy of some fretful invalid, doomed to read Low Church books in spite of High Church principles, and with a daily diet of humble pie.

What then is the remedy? What have we to advise to make the best of the difficulty, and to reduce the evil to its lowest terms?

Forewarned is forearmed. First of all, parents living chiefly on a professional income as a mere annuity should not only save or insure, but, to have two strings to the family bow, they should train, educate, and otherwise do their best to qualify their daughters to provide for themselves. They should be early taught the realities of life, inured to the economy and self-denial of their real position, instead of, as is too common, made tender by self-indulgence, and harping on pleasures and expenses which they never can enjoy. What can be more cruel than to rear a family with habits and tastes only to be foiled and disappointed in the sphere that awaits them?

Unhappily, what too commonly prevents parents from adopting any prudent and sensible course is that "Hope tells a flattering

tale," too much like the fairy tale of the prince and poor Cinderella, for a rich husband looms in the distance as a distraction and diversion. This acts like the tickets in the old-fashioned lotteries, with which, we read, many a man ceased from honest labour because his head was turned with the possibility of winning the great twenty thousand pound prize.

This chance in the lottery called Matrimonial seems less and less every day, especially in what is understood as genteel life; it being genteel to do nothing, though all spending and no earning in this present generation seems to be positively culminating and producing its natural effects. For now, in a pecuniary point of view, gentility seems in a fair way to go out sighing. The men of labour are treading out the men of leisure. Money with the idle never bore interest so low, though the piles of the traders rise higher and higher. So the "fine old English gentleman, all of the olden time" is fast walking out from parks he can no longer keep up, and the cotton spinners, however deficient in their aspirates, are as fast walking in. Manchester and Birmingham traders are raising if not the style at least the standard of expense to which the old families find it harder and harder to attain, and who are doubly poor, their incomes being less and less while the demands of society are greater and greater. The consequence is that while the industrious classes marry and are given in marriage as fast as ever, young gentlemen begin to learn that though bread and cheese are necessities, a wife and family are of the nature of those luxuries which those who cannot afford cannot have—matrimony being very much a matter of money; and the so-called blessings of the rich proving very blisters at Hard-up Hall. In this way Nature redresses the balance by conveying an instinctive sensation to the rising generation to remain single and that it is time for some preventive check, the drones about the human hive being far too many for the busy bees.

Still young ladies and their mammas, it is observable, try very hard, contrary to Miss Martineau's and all Malthusian philosophy, to maintain the old state of things. It seems now as if every year had the reputed privilege of leap year, ladies being by no means backward in coming forward: they have earned the corresponding appellation of Fast—fast because going beyond the regulation pace after the gentlemen; but all in vain—it is simply a case of "love's labour lost," save with those who risk poverty and misery for life by plunging into a life of poverty, and sometimes by marrying not so much the man as the maintenance, which dooms them to a life of endurance and indifference. From this desperate haste, and consequently imprudent matches, there is ushered into an over-crowded world another generation of unprovided ladies, all adding to the pitiable throng, and being so many more candidates for every chance of employment to save them from the fate to which they were born.

I need hardly stop to observe that, however careless about the poor babes who are to follow, few indeed can be happier for a poor match. They have all the anxieties and miseries and little indeed of the happiness of the married state. Those who wed for affection may for a time expect it, but they who wed for interested motives can hardly expect a life of affection too, least of all when the temper is tried by a daily struggle for daily bread. It is a true proverb that "when poverty enters in at the door love flies out at the window." Cupid is a young gentleman who must be well fed. I have a vivid recollection of a letter I once read, a letter of advice from a lady—the belle of a season, who had wedded with about as many hundreds as she expected thousands a year—to her brother, as to a marriage the brother intended, with little but a curacy, which she called one more venture in love in a cottage: "While single," she said, "you have only yourself to work or feel for; but, believe me, poverty in the married state is the very height and length and depth and breadth of misery."

Dean Swift was not by any means a sentimental character, still he speaks of a loving couple linked together in poverty, when their affection only served to torture each other.

But enough. On this subject generally it is indeed of little use to advise. Such advice is rarely considered till the affections (or what the deluded couple mistake for such) are engaged, and then it is much too late.

It is time to suppose the match made, a hungry family as "the olive branches round about the table," that the father begins to have gloomy views of the future and to find it difficult to avoid a very simple calculation that when he and his present earnings are things of the past, his accounts wound up, his debts and expenses funeral and testamentary all paid, and the balance placed in safe securities—safe, that is, to pay but three per cent.—his surviving family will have bitter cause to thank him for bringing them into an expensive world like this.

The wise and reasonable course for such a father would be to save money and to insure for the benefit of his family, for even a small income secured for a single daughter may enable her to join in some family, or to advertise with "Salary no object" and her services offered for a home. No doubt there are poor clerks who already save to the uttermost merely to live for the present, and with whom any further economy would leave them too shabby and spiritless for their existing earnings in any respectable office; still I am sure there are so many who are only prevented by false pride and indolence that I may explain my views of possibilities in the following confession from an old friend:

"I was living on an income of £700 a year, the greater part of it to die with me. As my daughters grew older, my anxieties grew with them, till it became a very heartache to think of the little I

had to leave them. My wife said at first that thinking only made me miserable, and that we could carry economy no further. At length, seeing a settled melancholy had come over me, she became alarmed, and one day let fall that she would submit to any sacrifice and had rather work with her own hands, as a far less evil, than to endure my anxieties, and her own too, any longer. At once I took her at her word; we began a consultation of ways and means; we balanced one trouble against the other, when a life of household work and some immediate self-denial seemed light in comparison with what we suffered. The greatest difficulty was the dreaded frowns of Mrs. Grundy and what the world would say. Still the resolution was taken; a bold confession was made to our friends, and we began economy in real earnest. We discharged our two servants and paid two shillings a week for an occasional scrub. This saved £80 a year in wages and board. For gas, fuel and waste-variables, we could save £20 a year more; and our own board, when a French economy of every scrap, turned into good food, and the butcher's bill reduced by half, saved at least £40 more. Here was £140 a year saved at once, only by waiting on ourselves and having thus a strict command of our own interests. Nor was this all; my girls grew up with habits of work and usefulness for after life, and two of them married striving men, sensible that they had fortunes in their wives if not with them. We were not less happy for the labour. 'The old fashioned way of working, rather with our own hands than by proxy,' said Sir W. Clarke, 'is the best of tonics; put on brown holland aprons and help in the house two or three hours a day.' 'But that is not the fashion,' replied the mother. 'No fault of mine,' said the doctor, 'you cannot cheat nature; man is a machine made for motion, not for idleness; what you disdain with your hands falls on your nerves; if you refuse nature's tonic you must take mine—a very poor substitute, I can assure you.'

Parents who act so reasonable a part can never lose any respect save from those whose censure is the truest praise. For they simply cease to assume a position soon seen to be hollow, and tottering to a fall. Living on false pretences is readily seen through, and neighbours secretly resent the attempt to impose upon them. For all life is competition; society is full of jealous rivalry, and those who can afford a certain style claim to take precedence of those who cannot, and only despise them for pretending to do so.

To take so bold a step wants moral courage, I admit; but let any feeling parents once consider that eventual destitution for their family is the sad alternative, and they can hardly fail to be nerved for the attempt.

But how small is the sacrifice, after all; at least, when once the decisive step is taken, and the admission of the real state of their circumstances which led to it is fully known. If born

gentlefolks, and conscious of refined tastes and feelings, this no change of style can ever take away; but if hankering also after the externals and accidents of birth when plainly beyond their reach, they spend a life of gilded misery. False pride and pretensions are the cause of half the misery we witness in society. Men try to stand some steps higher on the social ladder than they can safely occupy, and live at agony point ever after, even if they do not come to an untimely crash. Many a family has fled to a colony when, but for false pride, with half the labour and hardship that awaits them there, they might find a resource much nearer home.

Here then we may trace no small part of the pitiable state and the familiar outcry about the poor governess or the poor companion. Much of it comes from a life of false pretences, from one painful and desperate struggle with fortune, not yielding to the gale till they are stranded beyond all recovery, because they will not "stoop to conquer" in the social strife. Look at the reduced rents of all the landed proprietors, as well as the reduced interest of all investments they ought to venture on, and you will see that these are days in which nearly all persons of that class must either live below their usual limit or entail distress on their families at their death.

Well, however, do I know the difficulty. Hope against hope, and a delusive ambition, stops the way. The fond and foolish mother fears, as she says, that her daughters will lose caste and miss their chance of a good match; for this chance they venture far more than it is worth. This may be very natural, but is it not very ruinous, hunting the shadow for the substance?

The situation of a governess or a lady's companion is as creditable and as much in the regular course of business as any other by which women in a certain line of life expect to earn their bread. Governesses are usually the daughters of tradesmen, who educate them specially for that calling. Such persons, far from being subjects of pity, are ambitious of the engagements as a decided step in advance; it is really hailed as a promotion to a better rank than that to which they were born, almost like that of the literates in the Church, whose relatives are proud of a Reverend in the family; but to reduced ladies, such an appointment is regarded as a fall.

Now it is to reduced ladies, who either are or intend to be governesses or companions, I have to offer a word of common-sense advice.

I shall not address you, my friends, with bated breath, as poor governesses or poor companions; far from it. I should rather term your position as enviable and in good fortune, considering the state from which you thus are rescued. These situations, trying to your nerves and feelings or otherwise, place the destitute young ladies in comparative affluence. For these situations are not the

cause of their poverty but the alleviation of it; they are not the cause of their being exposed to the insolence of the servants, of imperious conduct from the lady, or of any other hardship or cause of humiliation in their lot.

Poverty and a consciousness of having come down in the world ever will subject you to the same unpleasant feelings, whether as a governess or not, as long as the pride and the jealousy of human nature remains the same. "The hardest part of poverty," said Juvenal, some eighteen hundred years ago, "is that it makes us sing small;" it takes away our consequence; while the poet Horace, a hundred years before, more than in one passage said the same, that your weight in society depends on the weight of your purse. Ladies with fine dresses ever will sweep disdainfully or triumphantly by those whose scanty and cheap materials look as if penury "had marked them for her own." Nor can any lady hold up her head in a shabby bonnet.

If you were not earning money as a governess, but living as a dependant and the poor relation, or lodging in a garret, what respect could you claim, and how much less humiliation must you endure then? Consider not what you suffer, but how much more you escape—loneliness, cold and poverty, and living in some poor room and a very poor street; this most ladies would but too gladly exchange for school-room "buffets" and "the rich woman's contumely."

I say, therefore, accept your lot in all its parts, cultivate inward resources, or, as a lady of the Friendly Girls' Society advised a kitchen-maid, "Regard your mistress as your cross and bear it."

"Instead of pitying the poor governess," said a lady, "you may pity those who have to endure them." If she spoke of reduced ladies in that capacity I am not surprised, because they are rarely prepared and qualified for the position, and people do not pay salaries, with bed and board, to be troubled with testy feelings, sighs and hysterics. I here suppose no deficiency in point of knowledge; but only of temper, tact and good sense. The old philosopher Epictetus made a very wise remark, than which I never heard a more useful lesson in life. He said, "Before I undertake anything of greater or less importance in life, I consider all for pleasure, if for pain, that the step commonly involves, and then, if certain annoyances occur, I am prepared, and do not lose my equanimity. For instance, before I resolve on going to the common bath, I reflect, I may be thrust about as I go in and out, and splashed by the bathers, or have my clothes wetted or trodden on. If not worth my while I stay away; if I elect to go I feel less inclined to complain and consider all as part of bathing."

Now the professional governess may be prepared for the roughs of life; but the poor lady forms some ideal picture of the place and feels very hardly used when the reality proves so different. Let her consider what children are; that others have their trials

as well as governesses; that business is proverbially imperious; that those who pay money expect their money's worth, and that as to the mother of the children, she will expect to see her manners and her temper like her costume sometimes in dishabille, and by no means the same as when she displays the best of each, quite unruffled, before company. If no man is a hero to his valet, no lady is an angel to her waiting-maid. This is yet more likely to be seen when perhaps her trusty nurse turns insolent and her darling little children prove a heartache—though all the time the governess sits unmoved, and enjoys all the household comforts which the mistress finds it an anxiety either to provide or to pay for.

All persons, as well as governesses, who earn money soon find their employers have queer tempers, obviously because the servant is always in the way at the most critical time; and when everything goes wrong it is so natural to vent impatience upon the first who comes. To work for money and to sell your services ever must be to sell your liberty. For he who employs dictates, and the "imperative mood" is by no means a pleasant one. All this should be fully understood by a lady venturing on the life of a governess; and, therefore, it is a pity that parents feeling the little they have to leave do not take some trouble to prepare the minds of their daughters for the life that awaits them. One common mistake of governesses is that they think they are to teach, and do nothing else: they feel themselves imposed on when expected to lend a helping hand on any little emergency. But no one can live in a family and stand wholly aloof and indifferent to troubles all around them. True, the willing spirit may be tried too hard till the governess is turned to a waiting-maid; this she must manage as well as she can. It is always in the power to leave or threaten to do so; and if other situations are too scarce to venture, it were wise to regard the services required of them as part of their lot, and to make the best of it. Undoubtedly, those who allow themselves to seem ungenial, and with little sympathy in helping others, must expect a hard measure of consideration for themselves.

The same remarks apply to the lady companion, and considering the increasing numbers of ladies needing employment, I cannot but reflect that there must sooner or later be an opening for ladies in general household duties. Of lady-helps we now hear very little; lady-helps proved lady hindrances, that is when really ladies. Householders who tried the experiment soon found that they were not ladies who generally offered, but mere pretenders from the small farms and chandlers' shops, and only the common sort of abigail, though with a little more consequence and insolent self-importance.

The situation of lady-help still remains for a really fair trial. The position of two servants out of four in the writer's house at

the present time is a great deal too good for servants, the duties being no more than many a lady often discharges in her own house, in the nursery especially, while the bed and board is a great deal too good. While so many ladies would find such a home a blessing, and while there is a general complaint of the inefficiency and the troubles various from the existing class of servants, I cannot but hope that the day is not far distant when the demand and the supply will come to terms; of course some arrangement must be made that ladies may be treated like ladies, so far that they need not sit down with the rougher helps who will still be necessary. This is provided often for the nursery governess, as also for the nurse and housekeeper. Such an arrangement is indispensable; for I believe that few in the parlour are aware that the superficial manners and affected refinement are but a very thin varnish that hides all the grossness of the cottage with a whole family in one room and the street gutter their only play-ground. This family grossness no board school will much affect. As to manners and morals, the immodest home will still defy all the book work of the school, and servants will be vulgar still.

For such an arrangement we would suggest two ladies and a help or scrub instead of three, and in larger establishments, a set of ladies with scrubs under them; the said scrubs to feed apart just as the scullions do now where there are superior servants.

But, to continue my ideal service, first of all the ladies must learn the duties required. As to knowledge, this could be easily attained; to form the habit with most would be the difficulty. Still, they could practise in their own homes, and when the employment became general various facilities would arise. The refinement, the taste, and the general intelligence of ladies would soon insure a preference where the mistress, by the scarcity of servants and the ladies by the exigencies of their lot, were driven to make the most of the new position.

Many families now dispense with men-servants, otherwise it were hard to give this plan full effect. The attentions of John and Thomas would be too insufferable, and, to do justice to servants, I have often thought that were it possible to try the experiment with a Major butler and a Captain footman with lady waiting-maids the result would show how wonderful it is that the present mixture of plush and cotton gowns works as well and as innocently as it does.

That ladies are not more generally engaged for the nursery, cost what it may in household arrangements, is to me a surprise, for while the master of the house will not trust a valuable stud of horses to a common stableman, those stablemen have sisters intrusted with the infants of the richest families in the land. By the ignorance and the heedlessness of such drabs, many a poor child has had its health ruined, and many have lost their lives, while as to moral

influence, no one can tell how early a child takes evil impressions and unconsciously imbibes the poison of bad examples. Children catch the very scowl and malignant expression of an ill-tempered nurse.

All changes are gradual and take time, but every urgent demand tends eventually to a corresponding supply. For instance, door-step, knife, and shoe cleaning brigades in London have sprung into existence to supply a household want; the boys come and go for one or two hours, without interfering with the usual household ways; on the same principle, no doubt, a race of charwomen as useful helps would come forth to supply the exact deficiency and to do the rougher work unfit for ladies, though their intelligence would be far less. When once the sense of degradation was overcome, society would learn that labour is honourable as well as healthful. Many ladies have of late years learnt cooking, so why not other household duties? Two of the most accomplished of my friends have a little gas stove on which they prepare niceties far beyond the usual powers of cooks, whose palate responds to little more dainty than garlic or onions. Such employment would be far less difficult or trying to most ladies than teaching children, and would be available to many whose French has too much of a boarding-school accent to be allowed. Various "ologies" besides Latin are now required of a governess, and indeed, it is an office which comparatively few could attain to the ability to fulfil, so we may be allowed to speculate on some alternative. Add to this, as governesses ladies are much more likely to be pronounced too old for their work.

Not long since I had a painful instance of this. An accomplished lady of fifty-five found more situations as governess beyond her energies and strength; or at least the mothers thought so, preferring those of an age more congenial with youth. After living painfully at the expense of her friends, who were by no means rich, she resolved to bear her own troubles, and actually applied for, and obtained, "an order for the House"—admittance to the Union Workhouse. As she knocked at the door on the much dreaded morning, the master of the workhouse, struck with her refined voice and appearance, exclaimed, "Oh! ma'am, this is not the place for you; this is a very rough place, you have no notion of it—you had better live a week with one friend, or a fortnight with another—anything in this mortal world, but don't come here."

Still the step was taken, and the reality of the horrors must be known, and felt to be known. She was passed on to the matron, whose heart was less likely to be troubled with the charge. All this was painfully detailed in a letter stamped with a style and sentiment bespeaking nothing less than a refined and elegant mind. And what were my feelings when I read how her own

dress was taken off and a workhouse dress and heavy shoes put on, and—her bed shared with an aged pauper!

The most modest request to the matron was met with insult and, at last, with a threat of the dark hole, as "refractory." This agony the poor lady endured for three weeks, and then, as it proved a question of life and death, she came away. Happily this sad trial caused extra exertion among her friends, and she is now grateful for small mercies in the comfort secured her.

How many cases there are of ladies, having outlived their friends as well as their means of livelihood, who could tell a lesson to parents to be wise in time, and to look a little beyond the fashion and the follies of the passing hour.

LOVE'S QUERY.

BRIEF was the rosy dream
When you and I,
Slow drifted down the stream
Of Destiny.

Pale gleams a wintry moon
Around the spot,
Can summer fade so soon,
Love be forgot?

Nought but its shadow stay
In memory,
So marring day by day
Life's harmony?

Or shall love sleeping long
At last awake,
And passion prove too strong
Old ties to break?

Tears that have dimm'd the sight
In troublous past,
Be banish'd in the light
Of joy at last?

Shining in radiance sweet
Athwart the land,
Where Love and I shall meet
Hand clasp'd in hand?

EDITH PRINCE.

A VISIT TO VALIDÉH KHAN ON THE TENTH DAY OF MOUHAREM.

ON the tenth day of the Mussulman month of Mouharem is celebrated in Persia, and in all cities where a Persian colony exists, a religious ceremony, the mystic rites and sanguinary ferocity of which must be without a parallel.

Before attempting to describe this pageant it will, I think, be advantageous to place before the reader the principal incidents in the story of the life and death of the two saints, viz., "Iman" Hassan and "Iman" Hussein, in honour of whom, and in commemoration of whose tragic end, this celebration is annually observed. Without such a prelude those unacquainted with this portion of Moslem history would be at a loss to understand and to fully appreciate the motive and meaning of this wild ceremony.

The facts, for the veracity of which history can vouch, are as follow :

Fatmah, the daughter of Mohammed, wedded Ali, the Prophet's favourite companion and bosom friend ; the fruits of this marriage were two sons, to whom the names Hassan and Hussein were respectively given. On the office of Caliph becoming vacant, in the year 660 A.D., in consequence of the assassination of Ali, Yezgid, the son of Muhavijeh, who now ruled over the whole of the vast dominions of Islam, with the exception of Medina and Mecca and the Persian province of which Bagdad and Kyufféh were the chief cities, disputed the claims of Hassan and Hussein to this high post, and notwithstanding the renouncement of his rights by the former, Yezgid caused him to be poisoned, a more tragic death being reserved for the younger and surviving brother.

Hussein now withdrew to Medina, and only after having remained in exile for twenty years was induced to return and endeavour to establish his claims, the Kyufféh tribes promising their aid and support, and by means of a numerously signed petition leading Hussein to believe that all were tired of Yezgid's tyranny and would welcome his rival with open arms. When, however, the long-absent exile approached Kerbellah he found the surrounding country in the hands of Yezgid's forces and the movement set on foot by his partizans already suppressed.

A large body of troops now prevented the onward march of Hussein, and to complete the disaster the as yet unsubdued remaining Kyufféh tribes now treacherously abstained from the fulfilment of their promise, and in the hour of need the aspirant

to the office of his ancestors found himself entirely dependent on his own small force.

Hussein now expressed his intention of returning to Medina, it being clearly evident that the tribes at whose invitation he had come to take possession of the Caliphate no longer desired him as their ruler and spiritual chief. Yezid, however, was determined to exterminate Hussein and his little band of faithful followers, and ordered his general, Amer, to cut off their communications with the River Euphrates, so as to deprive them of water. This being accomplished, Amer demanded the surrender of the now famished band, twelve hours being allowed Hussein to decide whether he would capitulate or fight to the bitter end.

During the night the Prophet appeared unto Hussein in a vision, saying, "Thou shalt rest with us."

Morning broke, and the doomed martyr now calmly prepared for the coming struggle, the result of which could only be death to Hussein and his band, for they in all numbered only forty foot and thirty horse, already half-dead from fatigue and thirst, whilst the opposing forces were computed at four thousand fighting men.

The morning devotions having been performed, the battle now began, Hussein bearing in his hand the Koran, and crying in a loud voice, "My protector is God, who sent down the book, and He will be the protector of the righteous." At first fortune seemed to favour the smaller force, for the heroic martyr and his men fought with the fearlessness and desperation of lions. The fight raged fiercely until noon, when a cessation of hostilities was allowed for the recital of the mid-day prayer. After this short interval the battle once more began with terrible ferocity, and soon the brave little band was cut to pieces, Hussein's eldest son being killed before his eyes. Amer and the more compassionate of his men would have spared their noble adversary, but the more brutal followers of Yezid would not permit of such leniency, and determined to kill the now exhausted hero. Javelins were hurled and arrows shot at the still defiant warrior, and it was not till he fell pierced by thirty-two wounds that he expired. His head was now severed from his body and conveyed to Yezid, by whom it was received with savage exultation. "It was observed that a light streamed upwards from the lifeless head and extended toward the heavens, white doves hovering round."

The body was buried at Kerbellah, which city has ever since been regarded with the utmost veneration and reverence by all Persians and Thiahs, large numbers of whom annually visit the mausoleum of the martyred saint. Kerbellah has been and still is the favourite burial ground of the Persians, their remains being transported thither from all parts of the world.

I will now endeavour to give an account of the "Passion Play" as witnessed by myself last year.

Having often heard of the "Mouhareem" festival, and being resident in Constantinople, which boasts of a large Persian colony, I determined to avail myself of an opportunity which offered itself of viewing this weird and blood-thrilling pageant, which to Europeans must seem as barbarous as it is held sacred by the Persian devotees, who participate in its sanguinary and painful rites with a fervour and zeal beyond all comprehension.

Accompanied by an English friend who, like the writer, was eager to become initiated into the mysteries of this survival of past ages, I left Pera and started for Stamboul, crossing the pontoon-bridge which connects Galata with the opposite shore of the Golden Horn, and after a brisk walk of ten minutes' duration arrived at the entrance of the large building known as "Validéh Khan," where the Persians of Constantinople have established their head-quarters, and where the ceremony is annually held.

For some few moments we were unable to gain admittance, owing to the vast and disorderly crowd which pressed around the doors, it requiring the utmost energy and perseverance on the part of the guard stationed at the entrance to prevent the surging mass of human beings from forcibly penetrating into the inner court, which was already crowded to excess. At last, thanks to the united efforts of the soldiers and a ferocious-looking Persian, who, armed with a stout lash, rained blows thick and fast on all within reach, the crowd gave way and with a few other Europeans we were able to gain ingress.

We now found ourselves in a large square inclosure, formed by the four walls of the "Khan." Some wooden edifices built in a circular form occupied the centre, leaving a wide open space which extended round the interior of the building. Along the inner walls were situated shops, stalls and living rooms, in front of which were hung festooned and exquisitely arranged chandeliers and lamps, of beautifully coloured glass; from each glass hung suspended a small glass banner, on which was painted a portrait of His Majesty the Shah. Behind these many lights were placed large mirrors, which added to the brilliancy of the already brilliant lustre. Sofas were placed near the lamps, and Persian carpets and rugs were scattered about in rich confusion; black draperies were also conspicuously prominent among the decorations. The owner of each shop or stall received all who cared to avail themselves of his hospitality with a courteous grace and affable bearing, truly Oriental. We hastened to respond to the kind invitation of one of these traders, the situation of whose shop promised to afford a good view of the procession. The line on both sides of the open space was kept by the troops of the Turkish Imperial Guards, a fine body of men, nearly all being above six feet in height.

On looking round we perceived that, like ourselves, many had

flocked there to satisfy the craving for "something new," which nowadays seems to possess one and all ; and to those disgusted with the never-changing routine of life in a European capital the sight must have been a diversion and a novelty.

I may venture to state, without being accused of hyperbole, that the majority of the civilized and semi-civilized peoples of the four Continents were here represented, Persians being of course present in large numbers. Afghans, Turcomans, Bokharristes, Indians, and other Asian tribes in their quaint and picturesque costumes afforded a goodly contingent ; Arabs, Turks, Greeks, Armenians, ferocious Albanians and wild Montenegrins, Germans, Poles, Hungarians and Russians, Spaniards, Italians, Frenchmen and Jews, Englishmen, Americans and Levantines, were here massed together in the most bewildering confusion and fanciful chaos. The weaker sex was, I regret to say, in force, a proof that the fair are fast becoming callous to suffering, and therefore, more and more fitted for those professions and callings which have up to the present been monopolized by their sterner fellow-creatures, and of which the exercise has as yet been, apparently wrongly, considered as incompatible with the delicacy of feeling and the sensitiveness of constitution of the more interesting half of society.

Mais revenons à nos moutons. The sound of fifes and muffled drums now warned us that the procession had arrived at the entrance of the building, and in a few moments we caught sight of the large torches which, carried on long poles, cast a lurid glare on the scene.

The procession has now fairly entered the Khan and slowly approaches us ; behind the torches walk with slow and stately stride the Persian Mollahs, who chant in low, mournful strains the praise of the departed saints. Immediately following on their footsteps come some thirty or forty young men, lightly clad in black garments, with back and shoulders bared to the skin. Each one bears a knotted bunch of fine steel chain attached to a wooden handle, and resembling in form a tassel ; with this weapon they incessantly rain fearful blows on the exposed portion of the flesh ; the skin of many is terribly bruised and lacerated, and it is impossible to refrain from admiring the steadiness, fortitude and precision with which they all, without exception, inflict on themselves this excruciating torture.

Next, borne aloft on the shoulders of four stalwart men, and seated in a sort of palankin, is a youth, also clad in a costume of sombre hue ; he chants wildly and throws handfuls of straw on the heads of the assembled multitude. More holy men and youths bring up the rear, carrying various lamps, incense-burners and artificial flowers. The procession winds slowly on, and at a short distance are now seen approaching two magnificent steeds, richly caparisoned ; the first, a fine black animal, is almost hidden from view beneath the rich Oriental trappings and the large black cloth

with which it is covered; across the Persian saddle which it bears are placed two long swords, on the point of each is a small red apple; the second horse is enveloped in a long white cloth extending from head to tail, and smeared with blood and gore.

More priests and mourners now follow, all reciting in tones of anguish and grief the story of the life and death of the murdered saints, and at short intervals exhorting their compatriots in passionate supplication to repent of their ancestors' great sin, and to participate in the coming sacrifice; all participators being promised admittance to Paradise, where unknown joys and wild delights await all "true believers."

In their wake, several standards bearing religious inscriptions, and attached to flag-staffs surmounted by a metallic hand, are borne aloft by shouting men, accompanied by a group of children carrying sundry religious symbols, which they alternately raise above the head and then lower to the ground. They cry in shrill voices the mystic names, Ali! Hassan! Hussein! The cry is taken up by the Persians in the crowd and repeated by them with wild fervour.

The clash of arms is now heard, and a band of men, who are destined to be the principal actors in the pageant, now rush forward brandishing long yataghans and shouting wildly.

Let us pause and examine the dress and general appearance of these ferocious devotees. A white blouse confined to the waist by a girdle, a pair of loose linen trousers, also white, and Persian slippers complete their original costume; all are clean-shaved, and appear to be mostly men under forty years of age; the crown of the head is shaved, so as to leave a semi-circle of hair extending from temple to temple. After a short interval a second group, preceded by flaming torches, standards, and incense-burners, appears. This group is composed of three chargers and their attendant grooms; the first horse, richly accoutred, bears on its back two small doves, whose beautiful white plumage is marked with blood; on the second and third horses are seated two boys, who successively hide their faces in their hands, strike their chests, and throw handfuls of straw over their shoulders, repeating all the while the now familiar names, Ali! Hassan! Hussein! More men bared to the waist, and inflicting on themselves various kinds of torture by means of iron chains, &c., more children clad in black, and more mourners now follow, all repeating the same cry, Ali! Hassan! Hussein! A turbaned priest, whose long white hair and stately mien gives him a most patriarchal look, arrests the onward course of the procession, and in touching tones, broken by moans and sobs, relates the tragic story of the death of Hussein. Now appears a body of some three to four hundred men, who strike with measured blows their chests while intoning the name Ali.

They also pass on, and for some moments a still silence reigns

supreme, only broken by the occasional clanking of chains or the stifled sob of some Persian devotee; the sound of fifes and drums soon, however, greets our ear, and the mournful dirge is a fitting prelude to the ghastly scene which is now to be enacted.

A busy hum, soon increasing to a dull roar, warns us that the armed men are once more approaching. The supreme moment has now arrived, and from our point of vantage we have a magnificent view of the procession.

The carnage now begins, the "yataghans" come into play, the bright steel gleaming in the glare of the many lights. The wild fanatics now inflict hideous wounds on the shaved portions of their skulls, the weapon being held so as to cause an almost horizontal incision. The scene grows wilder and wilder, the chains are once more used with increased violence, the bared chests are struck more furiously, the din grows louder and louder, the blows fall heavier and faster, the foam forms at the mouths of the wounded, the sobs and moans of their Persian brethren grow more frequent and more sad, the fifes and drums are once more heard, the blood and gore flows thicker and freer, and the faces of the bleeding are obscured from view. And still higher and higher, above the wild din, the oft-repeated cry, Ali! Hassan! Hussein! is borne aloft on the night air, the perfume of burning incense is wafted on the breeze, and the lurid glare of the torches throws a weird light on the motley crowd.

One is momentarily transported back to bygone ages, and no vivid stretch of the imagination is needed to believe oneself on the banks of the Euphrates in the wilds of Asia, far from the nineteenth century and civilization. The wild emotion and excitement is contagious, and for some few minutes all are carried away by the rush of feeling which such a scene gives birth to; ere long, however, we are restored to a more normal state of mind, and can once more resume our rôle of disinterested spectators.

The armed men move along facing each other, with their backs to the crowd; between them and the soldiers, keeping the line, walk their friends, who parry with stout stick the blows which otherwise would no doubt prove fatal in many cases. Notwithstanding this precaution, however, many fall bleeding to the ground, and many more are dragged along in a fainting condition by their comrades.

Each separate band halts before the seat of the Persian ambassador, and with loud cries and wild gesticulations demands the release and pardon of one or more of their countrymen, confined for some offence in the Consular jail. The ambassador seems to demur and hesitate to grant this request. The ferocious creatures, now mad with excitement and frenzy, and more like demons than men, edge closer and reiterate their demand in wilder tones, inflicting on themselves all the while terrible wounds. The close proximity of these yelling wretches is not pleasant, and when at

last the Shah's representative signifies that their prayer is granted it is quite a relief, not to speak of the splashes of blood to which we are abundantly treated till the procession resumes its onward course.

Nine times this awful scene was enacted by three different companies; each time the hideousness of the scene grew in intensity. To repeat the various incidents of each march past, would be of course both tedious and superfluous. I shall therefore confine myself to remarking that each time the pageant grew more sanguinary and more repulsive, and when the last wild act was over, it was with a sigh of relief that I learned that the ceremony was at an end.

On inquiring as to whether many did not succumb to their wounds, we were informed by a Persian gentleman, who most affably answered all our questions, that such was not the case. He further stated that immediately after the ceremony the wounded men all repaired to the Turkish bath, where their wounds were well cleansed and afterwards tightly bound up; such treatment, our informant assured us, causing a rapid healing.

Before concluding, I must mention the polite and courteous manner in which we were received by the Persian merchants of Validéh Khan, who vied with each other in their kind attentions. We were provided with seats, and, during the several intervals, tea, such as only Persians can brew, was served in tiny glasses, cigarettes were also offered, and in a word we were treated with that profuse hospitality and courteous grace which is peculiar to Orientals.

FUAD BEY.

THE SCIENCE OF ASTROLOGY.

THE now forgotten and despised art of astrology is the oldest of all the sciences. Older even than alchemy, it was—just as alchemy was the forerunner of chemistry—the forerunner of our modern astronomy. The Chaldæan shepherds, watching their flocks by night on the plains, came to regard the bright orbs above them—and which, in that pure atmosphere, shone with a lustre unknown in our northern regions—as their companions and friends. To each fixed star they gave a name, some of which names have descended to our own day; while the various groups or assemblages of stars they wove in their fancy into star-pictures or constellations. Presently they went further. Those beautiful objects of their veneration gradually assumed, in their imaginations, a higher signification. Those brilliant balls of light, and especially the planets, could not be mere material objects like their own world. They began to people them with the departed souls of their gods, goddesses and heroes; and from that to a superstitious reverence the step was easy. Hence, they commenced to assume that the position of these stars, and their situation in the heavens, or with regard to each other, influenced a man's career, or even the events of his daily life, from the cradle to the grave. Of the great antiquity of astrology, as also of its Chaldæan origin, there is now not a shadow of doubt. Mr. G. Smith, in his book on "Assyrian Discoveries," says: "Although we cannot fix the date of any monuments before the time of Uruhh, B.C. 2000, . . . there are two literary works which I should judge to be older than that epoch, viz., the great Chaldæan work on astrology, and a legend." From the Chaldæans the art of reading the stars passed—as owing to the proximity of the two peoples it might easily do—to the Babylonians, from them it was passed to the Egyptians, from them to the Greeks and Romans, and thence down to our time; nor was it till the present century, and, indeed, almost the present generation, that the belief in astrology was finally extinguished.

In investigating the method of the old astrologists, it will be found that the term "science" as applied to astrology is by no means a misnomer. Granting their premises, the means by which the professors of the art worked, and the way in which they made their calculations, are both mathematically and scientifically correct. Their mistake was in their deductions; in the belief that

any particular position of the heavenly bodies at any particular time could have the slightest influence on the destinies or fortunes of mankind. This will be made apparent as we advance in our description of their manner of working.

Divination from the stars, or the art of foretelling destinies or events, was divided into two branches: that of the horoscope, or forecast of a person's life, and that of answering any particular question. In both the cases the astrologer first proceeded to "erect his figure" (*figura*). This "figure" was a map, or representation, of the heavens, with the position of the planets at the moment of birth, or at the time the question was put. It was divided into twelve parts, or "houses" (*domus*), each house representing more or less a sign of the zodiac. The one at the upper, or north, end of the figure was termed the *medium cæli*; while that on the left, or east, was the "house of life," or the "ascendant" (*ascendens*). This was also named the "first" house, and was by far the most important in the astrological figure. Of the whole twelve houses, the first (ascendant), fourth, seventh and tenth (*medium cæli*) were termed "angles." The next to them, the second, fifth, eighth and eleventh, were "succeedent;" while the remaining third, sixth, ninth, and twelfth were "cadent" or falling houses. The first house was that of "life," or good fortune; the second, of wealth and riches; the third, that of brethren and kindred; the fourth, of parents; the fifth, of children; the sixth, of servants and cattle; the seventh, of love and marriage; the eighth, of death; the ninth, of journeys; the tenth, of honours and dignities; the eleventh, of friends; and the twelfth, that of enemies. According to the position of the planets in, or with regard to, these houses, so would these several persons or things influence the destiny of the querist to his profit or disadvantage. Of the planets themselves, the sun, moon, Jupiter, and Venus were favourable or "benevolent" (*benevolens*). Mercury was more or less neutral, according to his position; while Mars and Saturn—especially the latter—were most malignant or "malevolent." The influence of the planets for good or evil was, however, much modified by the house—as also the sign of the zodiac—in which they stood. Hence arose all the complications of the "dignities" and "debilities," as they were called. The "dignities" consisted of "exaltation" and "joy," and the "debilities" of "detriment" and "fall." It would be wearisome to give a full list of the dignities and debilities of all the planets, especially as they are merely arbitrary, and rest upon no discoverable scientific basis. We will, therefore, only give one or two instances to show their utter inanity. The sun, for instance, "joyeth" (*gaudet*) in the first and ninth houses, is "exalted" in Aries, in detriment (*detrimentum*) in Aquarius, and has his fall (*casus*) in Libra; while Venus joyed in the fifth house, was exalted in Taurus, had her detriment in Scorpio, and fall in Virgo. The rest of the planets followed suit, being "dignified" or "debilitated"

according to the houses and signs under which they found themselves. Much more stress was, however, laid by some astrologers on these groundless complications than by others. For instance, one authority assures us that "a planet in his house or exaltation, being significator of any person, denotes him to be in a happy and prosperous condition, not wanting for the goods of this life, and, as a man in a fortified citadel, secure from danger." On the contrary, "a planet debilitated, as being in its detriment or fall, denotes the querent to be in a very low and mean condition, much dejected and disconsolate."

The "aspects" of the planets—that is, their position in the figure with regard to each other or to the house of the ascendant—were of quite as great importance as the dignities or debilities. When two planets were in the same sign or house they were said to be in "conjunction" (\oslash); when two signs apart, the aspect was "sextile" (\ast); when three, "quartile" (\square); and when they were at a distance of four houses from each other, it was "trine" (\triangle). "Opposition" (\otimes) was when two or more planets occupied opposite sides of the figure—that is, were at a distance of six houses from each other. Of these, conjunction was good "with good planets, but evil when two planets meet of contrary natures." "Sextile" was indifferently good; "quartile," indifferently evil; "trine" was perfectly good with any planet, while "opposition" was an aspect of "most perfect enmity." In addition to these, there were other complications of "Triplicities," the "Dragon's Head" and "Tail," and the "Part of Fortune," or "Pars Fortunæ." It would, however, occupy us too long to explain these thoroughly, more especially as they are chiefly refinements of the later astrologers.

After drawing the outline of his figure, the next task of the astrologer was to find out the exact position of the earth with regard to the signs of the zodiac at the moment of the question. In the course of its revolution on its own axis it is evident that the earth runs through, so to say, all the signs in the course of the twenty-four hours. The task was then to ascertain with accuracy what sign and what part of it was at that moment on the "cusp" (*cuspis*) of the *medium cæli*, and more especially of the first or more ascendant house. This could be done either by solar or sidereal time (the difference between the two being some eight minutes), or by a combination of the two—that is, correcting one by the other. The astrologer then took the right ascension of the sun at the foregoing noon, and added to it the number of hours which had passed since. If the sum of the calculation exceeded twenty-four, the latter number was subtracted, and the result gave him the required position, expressed in hours and minutes, at the time of his question. If, however, he had no accurate tables of right ascension, he could make his calculation so as to be tolerably correct in the following manner.

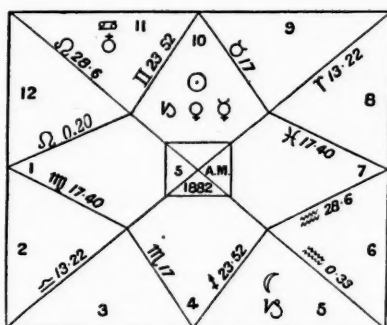
He knew that the apparent revolution of the sun round the earth leads him through, on an average, one sign of the zodiac, or 30° of the heavens, each month. These degrees, however, are not so expressed, but are called "hours" and "minutes," 15° going to each hour, consequently one sign to every two hours. As the astronomical year commences on the entry of the sun into the first point of Aries on the 21st March, it is evident that he would have, at noon of that day, 00 of Aries on the cusp of the tenth house, or *medium cæli*; 00 of each succeeding sign would naturally follow on the cusps of the other eleven houses. A question is, however, put to him, we will suppose, on the 7th May. He knows that, since the 21st March, the sun has run through one sign of the zodiac, and on an average, one degree per day of the next sign. He then reckons one sign = $2^h 0^m 0^s$, 15 days since elapsed = 15° (expressed in hours and minutes) = $3^h 0^m 0^s$, which, allowing for the difference of sidereal time, will be almost absolutely accurate. This, put the other way, will give him 15° of Taurus for the cusp of his tenth house. The 360° of the heavens, or twelve signs of the zodiac, were, however, not always divided accurately amongst the twelve houses. Sometimes a greater or a less portion of a sign fell to each house, and sometimes a whole sign was included in a house with a part of two others.

We will now proceed to give a practical illustration of the astrologer's method of working; but, perhaps, it will make it more comprehensible if attention is called to the following table of "dignities" and "debilities":

PLANET	JOY	EXALTATION	DETRIMENT	FATE	
☉	HOUSE 4.9	♄	☿	♊	
☿	3	♊	♄	♋	
♊	1	♋	♌	♍	
♋	6	♌	♍	♎	
♌	5	♍	♎	♏	
♍	11	♎	♏	♐	
♎	12	♏	♐	♑	
		HOUSES			
1 LIFE	2 WEALTH	3 BRETHREN	4 PARENTS	5 CHILDREN	6 SERVANTS CATTLE
7 LOVE & MARRIAGE	8 DEATH	9 JOURNEYS	10 HONORS	11 FRIENDS	12 ENEMIES

I. In the above diagram, for "Fate" read "Fall."

We will suppose, then, that a person comes to the astrologer with the request that he will cast the nativity or draw the horoscope of a child born the 7th May, 1882, at five o'clock in the afternoon. The figure is erected as follows: As we have seen, the sidereal time at noon on that day was (omitting the seconds) $3^h 0^m 0^s$. To this we add the hours elapsed since noon, which gives us $8^h 0^m 0^s$ as our position at the time. But $8^h 0^m 0^s$ equals about 17° of Taurus, which number we place on the cusp of our tenth house. Filling in the degrees of the signs on the other cusps,



II. In the above diagram, Saturn is omitted. He is, however, situated in the ninth house in the sign of Aries. For "A.M." also read "P.M."

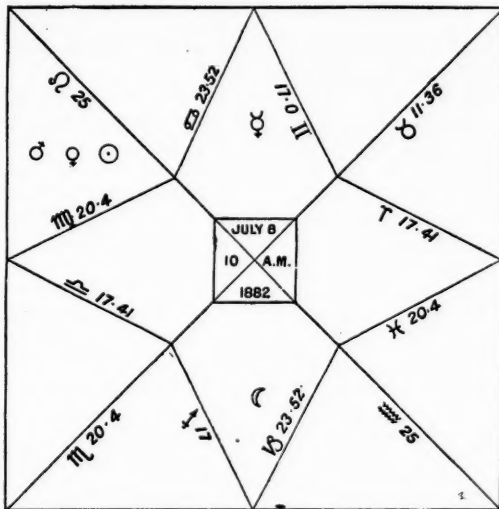
he obtains, on that of the second house, 23.52 of Gemini, on that of the third house 0.20 of Leo, on the fourth or ascendant, 28.16 again of Leo, on the fifth 17.40 of Virgo, and on the sixth 13.22 of Libra. The cusps of the remaining six houses are filled in with the corresponding degrees of the succeeding or opposite signs. The next operation is to discover the position of the sun, moon, and planets at the given hour of the day named. The old astrologers kept accurate lists, or compilations, of the movements of the heavenly bodies; but, in the present day, a reference to an almanac is sufficient for the purpose. We find, then, that on the 7th May, 1882, the planets were in the following position: Jupiter, Mars, Mercury, together with the sun, were in conjunction in the constellation of Taurus, and in the tenth house or *medium caeli*. Saturn was situated in Aries in the ninth house, or that of journeys, while the moon, in detriment in Capricorn, was in opposition to the above-mentioned planets and in the fifth house. We must not, however, omit to state that in erecting the above

figure, it must not be forgotten that the whole of the sign of Cancer falls to, and is included in, the eleventh house; while, of course, in the opposite fifth house, the same thing occurs with regard to Capricorn. Having completed his figure as above and inserted the signs of the planets in their proper places, the astrologer would probably proceed to predict the destinies of his "querent" somewhat in the following manner:

"The sun, having his 'joy' in the constellation of Leo, is therefore lord of the ascendant. He is at the same time the 'significator' in the question. I will, therefore, first consider his position. He is well posited in the *medium cæli*—neither in dignity nor debility. The fortunate conjunction, moreover, of the benevolent planets, Jupiter and Venus—and in this case Mercury—gives him a very strong position. None of these planets are, however, in their own houses; but, if not in any way dignified, neither are they afflicted. The well-disposed moon is in her detriment in Capricorn; but, being to the ascendant in a trine aspect, does not entirely lose her beneficent influence. The malignant planets, Mars and Saturn—the former in Cancer and the latter in Aries—being, each of them, in their fall, are powerless for evil. Their aspects, too—the one being sextile, and the other trine, to the ascendant—are also favourable. But even were this not so, and even were they not so sorely afflicted in their positions, the benevolent conjunction in the tenth house would effectually neutralize their evil influence. The aspect, however, of this conjunction being a quartile one, is not so favourable. On the whole, I judge the figure as most promising to the querent. The sun, his significator, being the lord of life, predicts for him a long existence. Mercury in this powerful conjunction, endows him with talents, good sense, and especially the gift of oratory. Venus promises him success in love; while Jupiter gives him a comely and manly stature, a courteous and attractive bearing, and wise, sober and discreet conduct. From this powerful combination being seated in the tenth house, I judge that honours and dignities will be showered upon him in profusion, and that, altogether, he will enjoy a long and prosperous life, to terminate at last amid the regrets of his friends and the regard of his enemies."

The astrologer's time was, however, by no means entirely occupied in casting nativities. Other questions of every kind were submitted to him for the opinion or decision of the heavenly oracles. Among these, by no means the least frequent were those relating to love or marriage. Let us suppose, then, that a young lady who has some doubts about the constancy of her *fiancé*, or who wishes to know whether her marriage with that gentleman will take place, makes up her mind to seek the opinion of the astrologer. The date we will take to be 8th July, 1882, and the hour 10 o'clock in the morning, the question submitted being:

"Shall the querent marry the object of her affections?" The figure, when erected, will be as follows:



III. In the above diagram, the symbols for Jupiter and Saturn are omitted. Both are in the ninth house in the sign of Taurus.

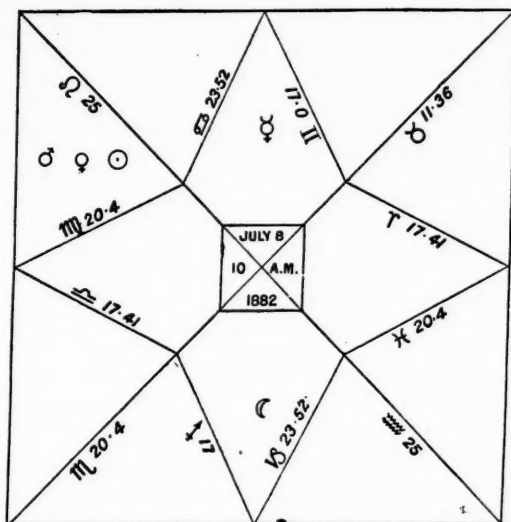
In questions of marriage the sun and Mars were supposed to be co-significators for a lady, and their strong position in conjunction with the benevolent Venus gives a most favourable appearance to the figure. They are in the eleventh house, which, although a falling one, is situated so near to the house of the ascendant that every good omen is to be drawn from their situation. Mercury again, although in a quartile aspect to the ascendant, is in a most benevolent sextile to the significators. The moon, not very well placed in the house of parents, and in detriment in Capricorn, leads us to apprehend that there may be some difficulty, owing to parental opposition on one side or the other. Her aspect, however, in trine to the significators is a good one. Saturn, who, in marriage questions, together with the moon, signifies the interests of the gentleman, is not well placed, being in a quartile aspect to the conjunction in the twelfth house. This causes us to suppose there is some backwardness or delay on the part of the gentleman; but he is so effectually kept in check by the benevolent Jupiter, with whom he is in conjunction, that his malignant influence can have no effect. There is no indication of any sort in the house of marriage to assist us in coming to a conclusion, but the power-

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ful combination of the sun, Mars, and Venus in the twelfth house cannot but be regarded as extremely favourable. It is true that it is situated in the house of enemies, and this leads us to suppose that their presence there is necessary to overcome some plots or opposition on the part of secret or open enemies. The judgment then to be formed is that this young lady, after some delays and disappointments, arising partly from the hesitation of her intended, partly from parental opposition on one side or the other, and partly from obstacles placed in the way by her enemies, will at last succeed in obtaining the object of her wishes.

It will be seen, then, that however much we may condemn and ridicule the conclusions drawn by astrologers from the "voices of the stars," their method of arriving at these conclusions was founded on strict rule. Their system had every pretension to mathematical and scientific accuracy. Their mistake arose, as we said before, in the idea that the position of any particular planet at any particular time could have the least influence on human fortunes and destinies. This fallacy is scarcely worth disproving in the nineteenth century, but one fact will show it at once. The position of the earth, in its rotation, changes with regard to the signs of the zodiac every four minutes. It is evident, then, that all the children born within the same four minutes must have precisely the same horoscope. Rich and poor, clever or dull, would have, according to astrology, exactly the same career in life mapped out for them—would undergo exactly the same vicissitudes, attain to exactly the same fortunes, and even die at exactly the same moment. As in England alone there are many children born in the course of every four minutes, the absurdity is evident. As to questions regarding particular events, the fact can be proved in a different way. The moon, for instance, is a powerful factor in astrological problems. Her position is, however, changed with regard to our meridian every four minutes, and, in the course of a few hours, very considerably so. It might, then, make a very great difference in the "figure" whether the querent went to the astrologer in the morning or the evening. In the one case, he might have the moon in "joy," in "dignities," and in every other astrological excellence; while in the other she would be in the most unfavourable situation and the most complete opposition.

In conclusion, we must give a word of warning against those so-called professors of astrology who are to be found in most large towns. Their ignorance is only equalled by their impudence, and both are immense. We have, at the present moment, before us a figure supplied by one of these gentry. The signs of the zodiac with their degrees, and which, as we have said, change every four minutes, are simply *printed* on the cusps of the houses. By the simple method of placing Jupiter in the house of the ascendant, and Venus in that of marriage, the "astrologer" can, of course, with a good conscience, prophesy to his querent a long

and prosperous life and a happy marriage. The other planets do not appear; it is to be supposed they are not on duty that day; but as the price of this valuable document was only two shillings, it is to be presumed that two planets were considered enough for that money.

It is no wonder that, under these circumstances, and under such professors, the art of astrology should have sunk into contempt. It will soon be lost altogether, after having played a great part in the hopes and fears of mankind from prehistoric times almost to our own day.

MORITURA.

A SONG of the setting sun!
The sky in the west is red,
And the day is all but done;
While yonder up over head
(Ah, too soon!)
There rises—so cold—the cynic moon.

A song of a Winter day!
The wind of the north doth blow,
From a sky that's chill and grey,
On fields, where no crops now grow—
Fields long shorn
Of bearded barley and golden corn.

A song of an old, old man!
His hairs are white and his gaze
Long bleared in his visage wan,
With its weight of yesterdays;
Joylessly,
He stands and mumbles and looks at me.

A song of a faded flower!
'Twas plucked in the tender bud,
And fair and fresh for an hour,
In a lady's hair it stood;
Now—Ah now,
Faded it lies in the dust and low.

ELIZABETH'S FORTUNE.

CHAPTER XXXV.

LA JOIE FAIT PEUR.

THE slight rustling of the curtain over the doorway, stirred by the draught, made me start violently, and recalled me to my senses. I listened, fancying I had heard footsteps outside; in my foolish agitation just now I had forgotten there was no door behind the hangings. My cheek burned with vexation at the thought I might have been overheard.

Again the curtain shook—there were stealthy movements, like Lal Roy's, in the lobby.

"Who is there?" I asked, aloud. No answer. I rose to go and see, when the Indian, abruptly, presented himself on my side of the hangings.

I felt annoyed—convinced now that he had been listening behind in the lobby. For how long? But I must reserve my lecture till I felt fitter to deliver it.

"Where are the children?" I asked listlessly. I had not seen them leave the lawn, but they were gone now. "Are they at the lodge?"

Lal Roy, usually pretty voluble, stood planted there as if he were both deaf and mute. I repeated my question, whereupon he hurriedly and flurriedly replied:

"I no sure, but go see, come again and say." But still he loitered, with his hand on the curtain, and a guilty air that plainly bespoke the conscience-stricken eavesdropper.

"Send Master Jack to me," said I, and he went. I thought him gone a long time, but was feeling too tired and spiritless to move. At length he reappeared with Jack. The child, too, from the first moment seemed taken with a fit of taciturnity and embarrassment, stood there awkwardly, finger in mouth, and made no answer when I spoke to him. I rubbed my eyes. I never saw such a pair, looking as if they had just been dropped from the clouds together.

"What is the matter with you both?" said I, puzzled. "Something has happened—what is it?" Some unlucky breakage, or flagrant transgression of household rule. But I was no she-dragon that the catastrophe should thus appal servant and child.

"No, no, nothing happen, no, not at all," Lal Roy eagerly affirmed, and Jack's grave look of rebuke he turned to cast at him as was good as the lie direct. Clearly some mischief done, which Indian cowardice would like to conceal. "It's not like Jack to be afraid to tell me about it," I said to the child, who was beginning to speak, when an imploring—

"Master—little master!" from Lal Roy, made him break off, saying hastily, in eager self-defence, "They told me not to tell. They made me promise."

Lal Roy's agonized face at this naïve semi-confession frightened me outright, and imagination ran wild in conjecture. "What is this mystery?" I exclaimed. "Monty—where's Monty?" His baby laugh coming at that moment from somewhere out of doors disposed of that scare before Lal Roy could answer swiftly:

"Monty at lodge; he all right—play with him dog. I fetch him here to you—and you see it no lie."

Jack faced about, chafing evidently at continued equivocation.

"Look here, Lal, I shall tell, if mamma says I must."

"Oh, little master—hush—you not know what you do," he said warningly, beseechingly clasping his hands, with a helpless gesture of despair. I saw Jack's brow contract in painful, unchildlike perplexity—some puzzle too grave for the little mind was perturbing it.

"I can't—they said it would kill you—because it would make you so glad," he brought out timidly.

"It—what?"

They looked at each other, tongue-tied. The unnatural embarrassment was becoming terrible. I got up, and was going towards the *portière*, when Lal Roy, perceiving my intention, quick as thought placed himself in front of the curtain, literally barring the way. His rapid instinctive movement, and something in his expression now, so strangely, unspeakably suggestive, stupefied me for a moment.

A mad thought, a maddening fancy sprang up, only to be killed on the spot by the paralyzing certainty of disappointment—between them I was racked and shaken, clearly conscious only of a desperate desire to make an end of all this. Suddenly turning to Jack, I said, forcing a coaxing, playful tone, so as not to frighten the boy:

"My Jack—don't be afraid, little man; speak up. Tell me what it is."

"Some one come in at the gate," he responded unhesitatingly.

"Not—Mr. Gifford—surely not?" said I, more and more bewildered. "He went away long ago."

"No, not him," said Jack, speaking in his natural, slow, deliberate way. "This man lifted me up, and *standed* me on his shoulder. And I let him, for he——"

Lal Roy struck in promptly and fluently:

"For he bring some news—good news it is, but oh! we afraid to tell you!"

"Who brought it?—it is Mr. Sherwood Romney." The idea flashed on me as I spoke, and I thought his look confirmed it. "You have left him standing out there? Let me pass directly."

Lal Roy's face was piteous in its abject terror.

"Oh! little master, what you do? what me done?" he moaned.

Then, all at once abandoning his efforts to stop me, he hid his face in his hands.

I had stopped of myself; my limbs had grown rigid at the sight I had caught of a hand that had flashed out from behind the curtain—browned as the Indian's own, but the shape—thin, nervous and muscular. Oh, no! They had been working on my senses and fancy, set my brain playing cheating tricks with me.

As you see a scene shown for one moment by lightning, I saw Lal Roy's crouching attitude of fear, his faint gesture of protest; but he was thrust aside, and seemed to shrink together. Another stood there in his place, and Jack, scared and perplexed, ran up to the stranger, took hold of his hand, and looked up to him as if asking for help.

It was a living face I looked upon—the face of my husband—bronzed, thinned, changed, as I saw after; yet at that moment I saw it unaltered. And the gap that here follows in my recollections has remained one for me.

I am told that we stood for some instants, speechless, motionless; he with anxiety, I with bewilderment. Then I made a step forward, with a stifled cry, "I knew—I *knew* it!" Yes, it was James, alive, who caught me, senseless, in his arms.

When I came to myself I was lying on the sofa. Lal Roy was gone, Jack gone, and I was not alone. James' arm was supporting my head, his hand held mine, which it had never left since I fainted. As I opened my eyes, it was as if the sound of his voice had wakened me from some long unnatural sleep.

"Lilla, look at me—tell me I have not killed you," it said distressedly.

I strove to answer—I was voiceless; to lift my head—it seemed leadenly weighted. Did I wonder if I were out of my mind or dreaming? Not for one moment. Already a new feeling was breaking in—a feeling as if rather I had dreamt the last year—as each moment I became more alive to it that the present was no dream, no crazy hallucination.

It was the look of awful anxiety on the countenance turned to mine, a cross-impression of incongruity at the sight at this moment of anything so utterly miserable as his face that called me back to the sense of common things. I said aloud:

"Speak to me, James, and tell me what it means."

"Wait," he said, still tormented with uneasiness, hoarse and

trembling from the fright I had given him. "I'll tell you everything when you are better, by-and-by."

"No, now; tell me now," I insisted restlessly. "I want to understand, I want to hear." I was not myself yet, as he saw, but he answered, just to content me:

"The Hindu servants lied, brought home a false tale; but the false news they told of our deaths they believed, since they thought it impossible we should have escaped with life."

He stopped. I was listening quite unintelligently, puzzling to account for his lugubrious face.

"Did I faint?" I asked incredulously, for I had never fainted in my life.

"Dead off." His brows knit tragically. "My Lilla, I would have shot myself sooner than break in upon you so. It came to that; I hardly know how. I was beside myself, I think, for it might have killed you."

"I should take a good deal of killing," said I, looking steadily into his face, and trying to drill my straggling thoughts. "But why don't you tell me something? What made those men bring a false tale?"

"Because the truth proved them guilty of cowardly desertion," he said. "They spared themselves the full confession, lest they should get into trouble; and they thought we must have perished in the snow with the rest. Short of a miracle, our escape seemed impossible."

"You escaped, you and Dr. Bernhardt?" I asked, still too brain-sick to take in more than one thing at a time, or to string two ideas together.

His face, I began to see, was graver and more lined than it used to be. It grew still graver, and more lines came, as he answered:

"Dr. Bernhardt died, but not then—it was at Karshi, in Bokhara, three months ago, of fever. But he was broken down when he took it. The rough work of the months before had done that for him—for us both."

A ghastly fear took hold of me. I felt suddenly strong. I sat up and searched his countenance, dreading the very worst—that James had come back to me, but as travellers do come home sometimes—death-stricken by the hardships they have undergone. He, not I, was the one to be anxious about. He was frightfully thin and wan and hollow-eyed, and my scared look spoke for itself.

"Aye, I had the fever, too," he said, as if to reassure me. "I pulled through that, and worse since. But I'm not dead yet though, by any means."

My fears were not quieted, but dizziness forced me to lie down again. I could only look and look.

"Oh, I'm no beauty, I know," he said grimly; and his morose

expression set me laughing nervously. "Burnt to a skeleton, and scorched brown till I passed for a native out there. Yet you knew me, Lilla!"

"Have you thought of me this long time, James?" I said.

"It was the thought kept me alive," he said, with a strange gloom. "Aye, it was needed. It came to that two months ago, in Karshi—when I was ill, Bernhardt dead, death in one shape or another ahead of me everywhere; it seemed as if it must have me soon, somehow. I thought if I could only hold on, live to crawl home, see you, have you kiss me once, it should have me then."

"Dear James," said I, drawing his head down nearer to me, with a shudder of fear lest this joy should somehow slip from me, "there is life in us both, I feel, and you have to live for me now, and——" but the clearer my senses grew, the more acute that mortal anxiety I could not express, nor yet conceal, as his next words showed.

"There's nothing whatever the matter with me," he said positively, "that coming home won't cure, since it's ended that way."

His tone sounded odd and constrained, but I had scarcely yet come to thoroughly trusting my senses again.

"Tell me everything—I think I shall understand now," I said, with a desperate effort to grasp hold of the practical side of whatever there might be to learn, "and don't take away your arm, James; don't loose your hand. Ten months, and not able to send home a word! How could that have been?"

"Because the part of the country we were detained in," he said, "is cut off for the six months' winter from all communication with other places. The early snow had blocked the passes. We were imprisoned—in a trap—do you understand?"

"Perfectly. Oh, go on!" I entreated, listening eagerly.

"When we lost our way and our guides at once," he said, "our lives were saved by a mere chance, of which I'll tell you. The mountain village we afterwards made our way to, offered a temporary shelter during the hard weather."

"Were you in danger there?" I asked, striving to follow his narrative. "Were the people friendly?"

"Our only danger at that time," he said, "was of starvation, but it was pressing." As if taken with a sudden fear of my fainting again, he broke off with a laugh, saying, "There—it's a whole history. You shall hear it all, but not now."

"When did you get to England? Tell me that, at all events."

"An hour or two ago, after travelling through, day and night, from Odessa."

I breathed more freely. After all, it was no wonder he looked more dead than alive.

"To find you out first of all, before reporting myself in other quarters, see to it that the news should be broken to you gradu-

ally, on landing I telegraphed an inquiry for your address to the old place at Grandchester. The answer met me in London, mentioned 10, Leveson Street, but uncertainly. I sent there, heard all was well, and where you were living, but that you had just left town for a few days. Off I came here myself for the address, thinking on the way, like a madman, that the luck had turned—feeling that, with you well and the children, I was out of harm's reach. It seemed worth dying twice over for the sake of coming back." His countenance and tone had become hard and self-defiant—startlingly so, as he went on: "But let a man drop out of the world for a twelvemonth, spend it as I've spent the last, and if he comes back, he'll come back a fool or a madman, like me."

His talk sounded crazed indeed. "What can you mean?" I asked. He would not answer. I had to wring the rest out of him by persistent entreaty. Finding nothing else would tranquillize me, he spoke at last:

"So long as I saw but a bare chance of getting home alive—and up till a few weeks ago that was for me the one chance in a thousand—other fears were kept forced out of sight."

"Fear of what?" I asked.

"That you, Lilla, should have soon ceased to grieve for me—that my loss should have made so little mark in your life as that——" He broke off, saying, "The likelihood of a man's memory not surviving his disappearance many months is a fact no man is in a hurry to meet half-way when it touches himself. Coming home, I faced it."

"It? what?" I could only echo senselessly. He resumed, with a rigid resolution that penetrated me painfully:

"The truth—that you, Lilla, were free to accept another man's love, and might have a mind to do so. Gifford, too—the black-guard! He was with you when I came. Lal Roy—the fellow was half-dead with fright at the sight of me—dropped a word or two—enough."

"Was Francis Gifford here this afternoon?" I asked, putting my hand to my wandering head. I had been stunned. The blanks left by the shock in my memory filled slowly. "Yes, I remember something now," I sighed, dazed and stupid.

"It's the sort of thing makes an old man of you all at once," he said.

"You didn't trust me," I sighed, with reproach. His brow contracted, and he spoke on, unmoved to all appearance—still sombre:

"I'd been used to look ugly things in the face—so you can harden to the thought of the worst happening that can happen to you. One more—the last—to discover that for you, perhaps, I'd better have died when it was reported. It's an old saw—ghosts shouldn't come back from the dead; they'd mostly find

their places filled—better filled, very like; the thought of themselves shunted, done away with.”

“James!” I scarcely knew him, he had turned so bitter and fierce. Nor was this mood of savage melancholy to be softened all at once. He seemed hardly conscious of my hand’s caress, as it touched his hair as it was used to play with Jack’s. Abstractedly he went on:

“I tell you, it staggered me the first moment, but I saw straight the next. My mind was made up on the spot. I said——”

“Now what?” I made him tell me. He was slow to proceed; forced to recall it, he spoke with a dead calm, his eye turned persistently away from me, bent on some vacant, distant point.

“I said, ‘If she—Lilla—has forgotten me, if that rare affection which made our two lives one, was such a trick that it’s come to this, that she’d rather I were dead than alive at this moment,’ well, I said, Lilla, I said, ‘I’ll be damned if she ever shall know James Romney is living. That’s not what I’ve come home for—to cross her path and stand between her and the man with whom she’s already longing to forget the old life. Let her. Love’s a poor thing, and constancy’s a sham. Only I’ll not see her again, once I know it. No one can prove my return; it’s too improbable to be taken on report. Only Lal Roy knows, and his mouth I’ll shut; lies come there more easily than truth, and if ever he speaks they’ll think he’s raving. As for me, I shall start for America, take another name, be another man, from the moment I know—and know I will.’ There was the proof, daring me to seize it and make good my words.

“Through the open doors I could hear your voices as soon as I crossed the threshold; I came a step nearer and listened to your words, Lilla, as you answered him. If you had spoken differently, I should have turned back—gone out of the world again, for all you and my old friends should ever know.”

“James—you wouldn’t?”

“Upon my word of honour,” he said fixedly, “I would.”

“Tell me, what *did* I say?” I asked presently, in stupid wonderment, “for upon my word I think I have forgotten.”

“I don’t remember any longer,” he said; “all I can tell you is that I—who just before had been cursing myself for a trusting fool—stood there confounding myself for a doubting idiot. I forgot plans and precautions, just kept my senses together enough to get out into the garden, where I stumbled on the children, lost my head entirely, let out something to the boy, stood aside with him under the trees, saw Gifford come out and go, and wished I could send a shot after him.”

“Hush,” said I, laughing softly; “you’ve come back no better than a savage. You and he may shake hands. Wait till you hear my story, then judge if you’ve call for ferocity. Till then, give him fair play.”

"Don't expect it," he said, unappeased, "from me to him—my Lilla's lover!"

"Love me?—he never did," said I simply and in earnest. "Don't throw words about, James; I know better; no one has ever loved me but you."

It was a passionate lover who strained me in his arms, drowned my last words in his embrace, whose kisses I felt on my eyes, my hair, my cheeks, my lips, and whose heart beat against mine with a deep and painful emotion that kept him speechless, whilst I lay breathless, stifled, tired, wits astray, inconceivably happy.

"Let me get up," I said at last resolutely. The world was becoming a little more real again; I was beginning to be aware of the existence in it of something that was not the face by my side. After so much trouble endured, who would not shrink superstitiously from giving way to all-absorbing gladness? Half afraid of too bright a sun, you look out for its spots. We had not far to look for clouds in our sky if we wanted to discover them.

James assured me his reappearance would cause very moderate satisfaction in those quarters where no sentimental reasons existed to make it welcome. The fact of his long and erratic wanderings, though forced upon him by circumstances, was unlikely to be viewed with anything but disfavour. Well, the business of presenting himself and his explanations must be faced, and the first steps taken on the spot. And there followed a week of interviews, explanatory statements and consultations extraordinary, that so occupied him that we scarcely saw each other from morning till night.

CONCLUSION.

It is not James' story that I am writing, but my own. To him belongs his tale of travel, which once upon a time would have been considered strange, thrilling, and adventurous, as his wife and family do consider it to this day. But the world is growing yearly harder to astonish. The romance of modern travel, Arctic expeditions, yachting voyages round the world, deep sea researches, plunges into dark continents, and sojourns among savage islanders, take the shine out of all but the most brilliant exploits in that line, and the more easily where nothing is at stake but a single and an obscure life.

Still, the unlooked-for return of a survivor of Dr. Bernhardt's party, and his narrative of experiences in all but unknown countries, did serve London for a nine days' wonder. So long the papers were full of Lieutenant Romney's escape and the true account of the original disaster—the disagreement with the local guides, their desertion, with some of the servants, to proceed by another pass, causing confusion and delay to the rest of the party,

subsequently overtaken by the terrible snowstorm, in which several perished; Dr. Bernhardt and his English comrade, struggling on, were saved by finding shelter in the ruins of a mountain village, deserted on account of avalanches; whence they afterwards succeeded in making their way down to an inhabited spot; their long, enforced sojourn among primitive peoples in a snow-bound region, scarcely accessible except at midsummer; then how, as spring advanced, they successfully passed the northern range and joined one of the smaller Turkestan caravan routes. It was here that Dr. Bernhardt's illness and death left Lieutenant Romney to proceed on his desert journey alone, amid increased risks, which by dint of luck, courage, cunning, and the useful credentials left him by his late fellow-traveller, he had surmounted, gained and passed the Russian frontier, and reached England, to find not a doubt there existing as to the fact of his death, as reported nearly a year ago.

But the world knows nothing of its greatest travellers—sometimes. Many a lady-tourist who has zigzagged in the Dolomites, or gone a little way up the Nile, has made more of hardships and perils endured, of difficulties surmounted, than James will ever try to make of his, in speech or in print. He drew up and read a paper on the subject before the Topographical Society, which created no great impression outside it at the time, but has, they tell me, proved invaluable to other less accurate and observant travellers, some of whom have poached largely upon his exploring experiences in recounting their own, during the years that have elapsed since his return.

It was I who, the first evening, wrote the letter to Mr. Sherwood Romney, to break the stupendous piece of good news to the family at the Mote. Constraint, distance between us was summarily broken through. James has since discovered that he is on better terms with his people than he ever was in his life, and says he supposes it is my doing. I don't know that; but it is certain that he and his father do not quarrel now.

Other changes have followed. James has left the army. The state of his health, which had been temporarily shaken by illness and exposure, pointed to it, and the state of our purse necessitated it, if he saw his way to more remunerative employment.

The experiment I was about to try by myself, we have begun together on rather more ambitious lines, and its success has exceeded our anticipations, though not, though I say it, our deserts—for we have both worked hard to bring it about.

The dairy farm he and I started some years ago on a small scale, in concert with a partner, has prospered and grown into an important undertaking, which has passed entirely into our hands. It is unlikely to make our fortune—we never dream of that—but our present independence and Jack and Monty's future are secured.

When the news of James' marvellous escape first became public, no heartier congratulations reached me than those of Lord Hazlemere. He takes great interest in our present enterprise, and Gerty pays us a yearly visit. He has not married again, but I fancy that one of these days we shall hear of it. That he has not done so already is a source of frank surprise to society.

Charlotte Hope still pursues her brilliant, eccentric public career—now in the Old World, now in the New. But Tiger became one of our family, among whom he was left to finish his days in peace. Lal Roy has passed into the service of Colonel Ferrers, with whom, in the end, he returned to India as a person of consequence in the establishment.

Francis Gifford was one of the first to write to us—the startling intelligence met him in the English papers at Florence—such a perfect letter as left James himself without a word to say or a thought to think to the disparagement of the writer, a real conjuror with words when he chose. And through it all transpired an undercurrent of feeling that made us quite sorry for him at the time. Then soon after I learnt, through Louisa Graves, that from the attentions he paid, and the admiration he expressed for one of the sister beauties, Rosa Grandison, society in Florence imagined he had succumbed to her fascinations. And in effect the news of his engagement to Miss Grandison followed pretty speedily. Only it was Angela, the other sister, he was engaged to. They have been happily married for some years, and become prominent figures of society in London, where they dwell. It is difficult for me to suppose they are just as happy as we are, but then Beattie Graves will have it that we are no rule for other couples. That is for other couples to determine. My fortunes, for good and ill, have now been told.

THE END.

ETHICS OF EATING AND DRINKING.

WHO shall decide when doctors disagree? is a query which must for ever especially perplex all who from natural delicacy of constitution, or the advance of years with their accompanying infirmities, have to pay considerable attention to another popularized query, "What to eat, drink and avoid." The difficulties of arriving at satisfactory answers to these questions are further greatly increased by the recollection of yet one more puzzling fact, which has passed into that vulgar formula which declares that, "What is one man's meat is another man's poison." With a view to assisting in the solution of these mighty problems, a veritable library has been written dealing with the subject in more or less comprehensive and rational ways. Medical men of the highest eminence, no less than the most unscrupulous quacks, have put forward treatise after treatise with the purpose of showing the dyspeptic what principles ought to guide them in the selection of their daily food, and not dyspeptics alone, for a vast bulk of advice is offered to the robust, as to the best, or perhaps the only legitimate means of maintaining good health. Opinions, it is needless to say, on these vital points vary in every shade of degree, and in their extremes are as far apart as the poles. The disagreement of doctors on these points may frequently arise from personal likes or dislikes of their own, for we are all prone to recommend what we prefer and what agrees with us, and medical men I have found not entirely exempt from this weakness, or at least what they have found to agree with some patients they may be inclined to consider should agree with all. That they are honestly desirous of doing their best for their patients no one can doubt, and often they have to feel their way as to the diet which really suits them best, casting preconceived laws to the winds. It will be urged by some that light and delicately cooked, toothsome dishes are far more readily digested than plain roast and boiled. Others will set a ban upon all seductive temptations to the appetite. They will declare in favour of nothing that is nice, and tell us that everybody would be better if they adopted as the staple of their nourishment, stale bread, butter, eggs and milk, and only a very small proportion of fish, poultry, and little or no meat, cooked fruit in moderation, with vegetables plainly boiled, and for our beverage nothing but water. Oatmeal porridge, again, is held to represent, in alternation with pulse,

lentils, macaroni, rice, potatoes, and similar farine fare, combined with a due proportion of other vegetables, nearly all that is really wholesome and useful for human food. Nevertheless, Cobbett, who was supposed to be an authority, described potatoes as only fit for pigs, and looked upon tea as poison. In this latter respect he is not singular, but such extremes are in most instances mere ridiculous figments not worth considering. Utterly confounding and so contradictory are the different views taken on this hygienic side of the subject, that I can conceive the searcher after the right course giving up the quest in sheer despair and finally taking to eating and drinking next to nothing, or anything and everything. In the main, probably, this latter course will be the wisest plan in moderation to adopt, for mixed up with what is sound and practical, researches in the literature referring to digestion, appetite, and the like, will reveal such an interminable mass of ridiculous verbiage, that mirth or contempt will alone be provoked. Particularly will this be the case if we go far back into the writings of the sages on sanitary affairs. In the sixteenth century a certain Johannes Bruernius wrote a huge and learned book under the title of "*Litologia de Esculentis et Poculentis*," whilst long before his day the antiquarian would discover profound disquisitions on the nature and quality of animal and other foods, from the pens of Spanish and Arabian physicians. Many an accomplished cook at the present moment would find more than one available recipe for toothsome delicacies in a cookery book which came from the hands of that "Jack of all trades," Sir Kenelm Digby, who invented what was known as the "Sympathetic Powder."

The body physician, an Alsatian by birth, of Francis I. laid the base of the edifice out of which has risen the cookery of France; and a notable Dr. Lister, who flourished in our own country during Queen Anne's reign, distinguished himself as a hygienic pundit in matters culinary by translating the writings set down to that ancient *gourmand* Apicius Cælius, and which brought him under the stinging and sarcastic pen of his contemporary, Dr. King. The Queen herself, too, is well known to have had the reputation for regarding carefully prepared dishes as stepping-stones to health. Later on, "The Cook's Oracle," by Dr. Kitchener, and "*Culina*," by Dr. Hunter, still esteemed for their valuable hints on cookery in its relation to health, prove that from time immemorial the faculty have not disdained to popularize themselves by more or less well-founded advice on diet. As I have said, our own time teems with examples, but one of the most eccentric and latest seems to have emanated from a German doctor, by name Bock. Judging by what I have read about it, it may fairly be classed amongst those calculated to provoke mirth. "The moral effects of different articles of food and drink," says one of his critics, "is dilated on in a most edifying fashion. Here is a specimen: 'The

nervousness and peevishness of our own times, may be ascribed in a great measure to the immoderate use of tea and coffee as beverages, the digestive organs of confirmed tea and coffee drinkers being in a chronic state of derangement, which reacts on the brain, producing fretful and lachrymose moods, and Dr. Bock thinks that the snappish and petulant humour of the Chinese is due to their extraordinary appetite for this beverage. But are the Celestials," asks the critic, naturally, "such a very snappish and petulant people? They are obviously very nervous and quick-witted, and in every sense of the term 'wide-awake,' yet they bear with exemplary docility and submission the oppression of a Government which rules mainly by the bamboo and the headsman's sword. . . . Fine ladies addicted to strong coffee are afflicted with a characteristic temper, which Dr. Bock qualifies as 'a mania for acting the persecuted saint.' Such a mania may be prevalent in Germany, where coffee is often drunk with every meal—that is to say, four times a day—but it is happily unknown in England, where in society *café noir* is only taken once a day, after dinner."

Very much of this sort of fanciful gossip, however, is to be found in Burton's "Anatomy of Melancholy." That old Oxford sage was full of quaint ideas respecting the ethics of diet, with which he dallied in conjunction with medicine. Dr. Bock's critic quotes some of his views as *à propos* to the subject, and I venture on the same ground to reproduce two or three of them here. Burton concurred with Galen in condemning "beef as a strong and heavy meat, 'breeding gross, melancholy blood,' but 'good for such as are of a strong constitution, as labouring men.'" Pork, by the same token, he disapproves of "for those who live at ease, or are in any way unsound in body or mind." Goat's flesh and red deer he will have none of, the latter on account of its being "a strong and great-grained meat next to a horse. Bad blood," he declares, "is begotten of all venison, which is melancholy;" and he says hare is "a black meat, melancholy and hard of digestion, and is apt to engender fearful dreams." On the other hand, he allows that some think hare to be "a merry meat," which makes men fair. Fish, again, does not seem altogether to satisfy the whimsical old fellow, and cheese comes under the catalogue of melancholy foods, of which the least so is Banbury, whilst the old and the stronger they are the worse they are—I presume all of them. Vegetables are generally denounced, especially cabbage, and as for pulse beans, peas and so forth, "they are naught," cries Burton. "They fill the brain with gross fumes." Of fluids for the stomach, he holds milk of no account except in the form of whey. Black wines, he thinks, are hurtful to men of sanguine and choleric complexions, but to such as are cold and sluggish "a cup of wine is good physick." Cider and perry are "cold and windy drinks and for that cause to be neglected." Beer, if it be over-new or over

stale, over-strong or not so; if it smell of the cask, or be sharp or sour, "is most unwholesome," and the black beer such as the Bohemians drink he stigmatizes as "a monstrous drink."

Now, in drawing the attention of housewives to the oddities, arguments and philosophizings as above, I do not suppose that many ladies are likely to be guided by them in their preparations for the daily meals of their households, but I believe they may find some amusement in observing how, from time immemorial, what may be called the ethics of eating and drinking have occupied the attention of mankind. The reason is not far to seek, for it is in its relation to health rather than as a mere gratifier of the palate that food demands the attention and consideration given to it by the highest intellects, and in this way the philosophy of the whole subject becomes its very foundation. Therefore, as in most households the catering is left mainly to the ladies, it is highly important they should think about the "why and the wherefore," and be able in some sort to make suggestions and give guidance in the matter of diet. I fear the health of a family or members of it does occasionally suffer, not so much from neglect as from want of thought, as to the various effects produced by different viands upon different people, to say nothing of delicate or robust digestions. Likes and dislikes are, I believe, often more worthy of consideration in this respect than is accorded to them. They are not, strictly speaking, always the result of fancy, but arise from some instinctive promptings from Nature herself, and should not therefore be set down necessarily to caprice or daintiness. As an example, it is often thought that children should not be indulged (indulgence is the word used) with sweet things, yet, as a matter of fact, sugar is highly nourishing to the growing human organism, and the predilection therefore the young have for it is simply natural and healthful. Again, one person cannot or will not eat fat, whilst another has a liking for it, and these opposite tastes cannot be reconciled by the abstract principle that a due proportion of fat and lean should accompany each other. Further, the abstract principle says that meat should be cooked with the gravy in it, that it may afford the utmost nutrition of which the viand is capable, but the practical fact remains that many people cannot touch what to them is underdone. In order that it should be made palatable and they may digest it perfectly it must be cooked until it becomes what others would consider dried up, with all the goodness and flavour taken out of it. It sounds like a truism, therefore, to say that a mistress must take such predilections into account, and give them prominence when issuing orders to her cook. It will not do for her necessarily to act upon a hard and fast abstract rule about the wholesome and the unwholesome, hastily laid down perhaps by the doctor at the moment, except of course in cases where a rigid diet is insisted on for some sound medical reason. She must let judgment and

common sense guide her, bearing in mind the constitutional peculiarities of the different inmates of the house she governs, and with which it is to be supposed she will be well acquainted. Where there exists a strong bias in one direction or the other about food, I should be inclined to make reasonable concession to the natural taste—particularly with children, stopping short, of course, at undue indulgence or mere wayward daintiness, or, again, at the positively and obviously unwholesome. All excess is bad and is morbid, not representing consequently any dictate of Nature. Common sense should be the guide, and as a broad rule, which is the most that can be given, variety in food, not too great, however, at one meal, constitutes the secret of the wholesome. Most things are wholesome in their degree, and the secret for ourselves and others is to discover what is the extent of that degree.

W. W. F.
